

January, 1940

The **Liguorian**



New Year's and Night Clubs
L. F. Hyland

•

On Painting the Face
E. F. Miller

•

The Literary Worth of the Bible
E. A. Mangan

•

The Lure of Music
F. A. Brunner

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AMONGST OURSELVES

Wishing another a Happy New Year is an easy thing to do, but the wish that counts is the one that is backed up by actions that speak louder than words. We hereby wish every reader of THE LIGUORIAN a Happy New Year, and we shall back it up to the best of our ability—with twelve issues of lively, solid, varied reading matter that will be sent out to brighten, in so far as lies within our power, little spots along the pathways of the world.

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We begin the New Year with a change in personnel. Father G. J. Liebst hands over the business managership of **THE LIGUORIAN** to Father Joseph Brunner. The many subscribers who have experienced the courteous and efficient services of Father Liebst will be grateful to him, and the rest of **THE LIGUORIAN** staff cannot adequately express its thanks for the perfect cooperation he has given during the past several years.

The Liguorian

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FORGIVENESS

Absolvo te—the words are whispered low
But with divine omnipotence aglow,
And every bond of sin is rent in twain
And gone is every spot and every stain.

Absolvo te—O miracle divine,
Than health restored to leper by a sign
Than blind eyes healed, than twisted limbs made whole
Greater by far—this healing of a soul!

Absolvo te—and angels come to dwell
Where yesterday dwelt denizens of hell,
And he who walked as dead in darkest night
Awakes to life and dawn's surpassing light!

Absolvo te—'tis Christ's exultant voice
Who bought this power by sacrificial choice
Of agony and death that He might leave
The ninety-nine, the lost one to retrieve.

Absolvo te—see, gates are open wide
To lead each sinner to the Savior's side,
And every soul who sin's defilement knows
Can gain the whiteness of the driven snows.

—D. F. Miller

FATHER TIM CASEY

CHILDHOOD OF THE KING

C. D. McENNIRY

"IN OUR study of the Life of Christ," said Father Casey, "We have considered Christmas. What is the next important event?" "New Year."

"New Year meant nothing to the people of Christ. Praiseworthy as it is to begin the year with solemn services, the Church has a far more sublime reason for constituting January the first a holyday of obligation."

"I meant the event that happened on our New Year, the Circumcision of Christ, which, according to the Jewish law, was performed eight days after His birth."

"What was the significance of the ceremony of Circumcision, wherein He shed the first drops of His precious blood for the salvation of the world?"

"It was a symbol of Baptism."

"Baptism," said the priest, "is formal admission into the divine society called the Church. Was Circumcision formal admission into the Church or society of the old law?"

"Yes, Father."

"Baptism takes away sin and infuses sanctifying grace into the soul. Did Circumcision do likewise?"

"Yes, Father. No, Father. Yes, Father."

"It did not. Only a sacrament instituted by Christ can do that. Circumcision was not a sacrament, but merely a symbol. In Baptism a name is given. Was this done in Circumcision?"

"Yes, Father. The gospel says His name was called Jesus, the name called by the angel at the time of the Annunciation."

"But, Father," Gabriella had a doubt. "Since the name given Him was Jesus, why was He so often called Christ?"

"Jesus (Saviour) was the name given Him in the home—with Mary and Joseph and among the neighbors. Christ (Anointed) is the name by which He was known as Divine King promised to the nations, as High Priest who would act as Mediator between God and man.

Kings and priests were anointed with oil; His supernal anointing consisted in the ineffable union between His divinity and His humanity effected in His Incarnation. And now, who was it that circumcised Him?"

"Father, the gospel does not tell us."

"Jewish custom conferred this office upon the head of the house," Ranaghan informed them. "Therefore most likely it was St. Joseph who performed this ceremony."

"**S**O MUCH for the Circumcision. What comes next?"

"The Presentation. No, Father, the Purification."

"Both right," he declared. "The Presentation of the Child Jesus in the temple — the Purification of the Blessed Virgin. Unfortunately we have fallen into the habit of leaving these two sublime events in the background and designating this feast simply Candlemas."

"But, Father, I have seen it called Candlemas even in old authors who wrote in the ages of faith."

"Which only shows that, in spiritual things, they were as dumb as we. They remembered seeing the priest blessing candles on that day but forgot the mystery he had explained."

"Tell it to us, Father. We promise not to forget."

"You have already read it in your New Testament while preparing for this meeting," Father Casey reminded them. However, he evidently judged there was no harm in repetition. "Every woman was commanded to present her first-born child in the temple, forty days after birth, if it was a boy, and to offer a lamb in sacrifice, or if she were too poor, two turtle doves instead. At the same time she was to ask for her own purification. By the way, the Church has, in imitation of this ceremony, instituted a very salutary sacramental. Who knows what it is called?"

"The Blessing after Childbirth, or, more popularly, Churching."

"Correct. How often have you seen it performed?"

"I — I don't think I ever saw it. I did a couple of times when I was a kid serving at St. Mary's."

"Too many modern mothers bankrupt their husbands bringing all kinds of baby specialists and neglect this solemn blessing which the Church has lovingly instituted to bring health and happiness to them and to their new-born child." said Father Casey. "But let us return

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to our subject. Picture that day which we commemorate on the second of February—a laboring man and his young wife coming over the hills from Bethlehem to Jerusalem. She is carrying her Infant; he, the two birds prescribed by the law. They are but one among the many couples seen daily going up to the temple for the selfsame purpose. The Giver of eternal life is passing by; men are too busy seeking or hugging or bewailing the trifles of this transitory life to so much as notice Him. The holy family pass beneath the marble portals. Jesus Christ enters for the first time His Father's house. None recognize the Lord of the temple—none but two: a venerable rabbi and an ancient prophetess, two souls so honest, so humble and so earnest that the Holy Ghost can speak to them certain of being heard and heeded.

"Mary submits to the ceremony of purification, as other mothers do, though she is purer than snow. She offers her First-Born to the Lord, as other mothers do, but with what a difference! For them it is a mere external ceremony; for her it is excruciating reality. She is voluntarily yielding up her Treasure to be hated and persecuted, to be maltreated and crucified for the sins of His brethren. Simeon assures her of this. For the holy old man, inspired by the Divine Spirit, recognizes in this Child of forty days the promised Redeemer. He had been promised that he would not see death until he had beheld the Christ of the Lord.

"And taking the Child in his arms, he blessed God and said: Now Thou dost dismiss thy servant, O Lord, according to Thy word in peace, for my eyes have seen Thy salvation, which Thou hast prepared before the face of all peoples: the Glory of the Jews and the Light of revealed truth for the gentiles.

"This canticle, the *Nunc Dimmitis*, is recited nightly by every priest in the name of all the faithful as a preparation for sleep and as a preparation for death, of which sleep is the image: Now Thou dost dismiss Thy servant, O Lord, according to Thy word in peace.

"To Mary he said: This Child is set for a sign that shall be contradicted. And before Mary's eyes flashed the picture of all the sufferings to which she was yielding up her Son, and the first of seven swords of sorrow pierced her maternal heart.

"And one Anna, a widow of fourscore and four years, who departed not from the temple by fastings and prayers serving night and day, coming up at that hour, confessed the Lord and spoke of Him to all that looked for the redemption of Israel. While the learned teachers

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of the scriptures remained blinded by their pride, this old woman recognized her God and was the first to preach Him in the Holy City.

FOR the Blessed Mother this had been a day of heart-breaking anguish and of well-nigh unbearable joy — the joy of seeing her Divine Son recognized and acknowledged, and sorrow at the sight of His future passion and death. It was soon to be followed by another day of like extremes — the coming of the Magi and the hurried flight from Herod's assassins. Who can tell us something about the principals in this drama?"

"The Magi," said Ranaghan, "were wise men from the region under the domination of the Parthians. Their ancestors had heard Daniel prophesy of the birth of the great King of the Jews, giving the exact time in days and years. As they were earnest seekers after truth and had sedulously studied these prophecies, they knew the appointed time had arrived. When they saw a strange sign in the heavens, they were convinced it proclaimed the great event. They set out at once for Jerusalem, the Jewish capital, expecting to see it in high festival for the birth of its Divine Ruler. Imagine their surprise and disappointment on finding the city buried in its sordid pursuits of buying and selling and nobody able or even caring to answer their anxious question: Where is He that is born King of the Jews? For we have seen His star in the East and are come to adore Him."

"When Herod heard of this did he rejoice that the longed-for Messiah had come to save His people?"

"Far from it," Ranaghan replied. "He cared nothing about saving the people; his only worry was to save his throne. He called the chief priests and the scribes versed in the scriptures to inquire where the Christ would be born. According to the prophets, they replied, He should be born in Bethlehem, the City of David. Herod then secretly summoned the Magi, gave them this information and said: Go to Bethlehem and inquire diligently after this Child. When you have found Him, bring me word that I also may come and adore Him."

"Who was this Herod?"

"He was king over the Jews. His was not an independent kingdom, but rather a sort of Roman protectorate."

"The same Herod who beheaded John the Baptist and mocked Our Lord during His passion?"

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"No, that was his son. That Herod was not even king, merely tetrarch or administrator of Gallilee, the northern third of Palestine. Judea, the southern third of Palestine, with Jerusalem as its capitol, had become so obstreperous after the death of the first Herod that Rome suppressed the kingdom and reduced it to the condition of a crown colony under Roman governors like Pontius Pilate. The Herod who was king when Christ was born, had secured the throne by trickery and kept his power by slitting the throats of all the rightful heirs. Just when he thought he had made a clean job of it, along came the Magi with their disturbing questions. He was thrown into a panic at the mere mention of a new King of the Jews."

"**T**HANK you, Richard, for your explanation," said the priest.

"Now we can understand the events which quickly followed. The Magi lost no time in starting for Bethlehem. Herod gave them neither guide nor escort. As little publicity as possible, thought he, lest the Jews begin to take this thing seriously. God Himself provided the guide which Herod had withheld. They had no sooner passed out the southern gate of the city when behold, the star, which they had seen in the East, went before them until it came and stood over where the Child was. And seeing the star they rejoiced with exceeding great joy. And entering into the house, they found the Child with Mary His Mother, and falling down, they adored Him. And opening their treasures, they offered Him gifts: gold, frankincense and myrrh. And having received an answer from God that they should not return to Herod, they went back another way into their country.

"If Mary had been happy to see her Divine Son recognized and adored in Jerusalem, imagine her joy on learning that His divinity was acknowledged even in far-off lands. He who had come to save all men, had now manifested Himself not only to the Jews but also to the gentiles. Epiphany was a new and more glorious Christmas, for on that day it was announced to the non-Jewish peoples of all the nations and of all the ages: In Bethlehem there is born to you a Saviour who is Christ the Lord.

"Her joy however was short-lived. In the dead of night she was aroused by Joseph. An angel of the Lord had warned him: Arise and take the Child and His Mother and fly into Egypt, for Herod will seek the Child to destroy Him. Hurriedly bundling together a few clothes,

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she pressed her Infant to her bosom, and the helpless fugitives set out on the three days journey that would bring them to the rivers of Egypt and outside the domain of Herod.

"It had not been a moment too soon, for Herod, seeing that he had been deluded by the wise men, was exceedingly angry, and sending killed all the men children that were in Bethlehem and in all the borders thereof, from two years old and under. Then was fulfilled that which was spoken by the prophet Jeremias saying: A voice in Rama was heard, lamentation and great warning — Rachael bewailing her children and would not be comforted because they were not."

"Does that refer to Rachael, wife of the patriarch Jacob, Father?"

"Yes, her tomb is just outside Bethlehem. Such was the anguish of these poor mothers that it would almost seem their screams of horror could pierce the tomb of Rachael and awaken her from the dead."

"**H**OW long did the Holy Family remain in Egypt?"

"That we do not know. Probably not long, for the tyrant, who had shed so much innocent blood during his reign (the male children of Bethlehem were only a few among the hundreds he had massacred), died soon afterwards of a loathesome and repulsive disease. They then went back to their home in Nazareth. God willed it so, for Jesus was to be called a Nazarene. From the return out of Egypt until His thirtieth year the gospels tell us nothing of Christ, except the finding in the temple and the brief remark that follows: And He went down with them and came to Nazareth, and was subject to them. And His Mother kept all these words in her heart. And Jesus advanced in wisdom and age and grace with God and men."

Convert's Reason

Heywood Broun, well known writer and enthusiast for social reform, who recently died, explains his conversion to the Catholic faith in the following words:

"I sorely needed the companionship of Jesus Christ — that was the most compelling cause of my conversion to the Catholic faith. It is absolutely false to say that I came into the Catholic Church as a political move. I am past 50 years of age and I have been in danger of death often. At such times, I used to review the good things and the bad that I had done in my life. Finally, I came to realize that a man cannot absolve himself. A man is not going to be his own judge in the hereafter. So to find peace I sought for contact with God right here and now, and I have found Him in the Catholic Church."

QUESTION OF THE MONTH

How seriously is one bound to keep a resolution or a promise one makes to do something pleasing to God?

This question cannot be answered without making distinctions. A promise or resolution may be of two kinds: 1) It may be a mere determination to do something for the love of God or the good of one's soul or of other souls, without any intention of binding oneself under pain of sin. No matter how strongly the determination may have been worded, to break it is not a sin except on the possible score of sloth or negligence or inconstancy. In these cases it would be a venial sin.

2) It may be a real vow to do something for the love of God or the good of one's soul. In that case it is a deliberate and free promise made to God, by which a person wills to bind himself to do something that is possible and better than the opposite, under pain of sin. No one can vow to do something that is morally or physically impossible, such as to avoid all semi-deliberate faults; nor can there be a real vow concerning something that is less good than its opposite, because the whole purpose of a vow is to honor God in a special way. The goodness of the matter of a vow is dependent on circumstances: what is a great good for a converted sinner may be less good for a saint. It is certain that a vow to do something bad does not bind one, even though it was made in good faith.

True vows bind under pain of sin. If the matter of the vow is light, the vow binds under pain of venial sin. One cannot bind oneself to fulfil a promise of light importance under pain of mortal sin unless the matter takes on serious importance for some extraneous reason. If the matter of the promise is serious, then the obligation of fulfilling it depends on the intention: it binds under pain of venial sin if that is all that was intended; it binds under mortal sin if that was clearly enunciated and intended in the vow.

Commutation or dispensation from private vows (i.e. excluding the public vows made by a religious) can be obtained from the proper authority whenever there is a reasonable cause. The priest in the confessional or the pastor should be consulted when there is question of having a vow commuted or lifted.

DIALOGUE WITH CHILD

NEW YEAR'S AND NIGHT CLUBS

L. F. HYLAND

DADDY, what is a night-club?

A night-club? Who has been talking to you about night-clubs? Nobody, Daddy. It says here in the paper that "night-clubs are ready for New Year's." What is a night club?

Child, if you must be sociological, a night-club is a phenomenon of modern life that is contributing the unparalleled service of destroying American home life and American homes.

Oh, Daddy.

(Laughing) Well, you asked for it. But let's see if we can make it plain and simple.

Is it a — a — so — society, like the K. C.'s?

No, not exactly. A night-club is a place.

Like a movie place?

More like a restaurant. It is a place that stays open almost all night, where people eat and drink, especially drink.

But why do they want to eat and drink at night? Don't they get enough to eat at home?

Some of those who go to night-clubs haven't got any homes. Or they have a home and they are tired of it. Or they are trying to break up somebody else's home.

You mean some people really haven't got any home, like we have, Daddy?

That's right. They live in hotels, or in boarding houses, or in stuffy apartments.

But if they live in such places, those places are their homes, aren't they?

I guess you'd have to call them that.

Can't they get enough to eat there? Do they have to go out and eat at night?

Oh, they don't go out only to eat. They go out to drink too.

What do they drink?

Oh, cocktails and such things.

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WHAT'S a cocktail, Daddy?

A cocktail is—is—a modern invention that consists of several intoxicating liquors mixed together.

What does "in-in-tox-cating" mean?

It is anything that can make a person drunk, so that he or she acts like an animal instead of a human being.

Then if they mix a lot of in-in-tox-cating things together it ought to be more in-in—more to make a person drunk, shouldn't it?

Why, yes, that is often the result.

Do all people go to night-clubs to get drunk?

No, not all of them. Some go just once in a while for a little innocent recreation. But those who make a habit of going usually end by getting at least a little drunk now and then. Then too they have other reasons for going.

What other reasons?

Well, there's a floor show in most night-clubs.

What is a floor show, Daddy?

A floor show is some acting or singing or dancing that is done right on the floor of the restaurant or night-club, near the people who come to eat and drink.

Is it like a show on the stage?

Sometimes it is like a show in a decent theater. But in many night-clubs it is not exactly a good show.

You mean it's a bad show?

You might as well know, young as you are. Yes, sometimes, pretty often, it's a bad show. People who are almost naked dance and sing.

And do all those people sit there and look at people who are (awesomely) almost naked?

They not only sit and look at them, but they applaud them.

Then there can't be any good people who go to such places.

Well, there are people who think they are pretty good.

Then why don't they call the police, or get up and go out?

Because that's one of the things that drinking does to you—even sometimes a little drinking. It makes you want to see bad things, and it makes you enjoy them when you do see them.

THEN people who go to such places and drink and look at naked persons—they can't be good, can they, Daddy?

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No, as a matter of fact they aren't good, no matter what they think they are. But that isn't the worst of it.

You mean — there's something more bad?

In some highly advertised places — yes. The actors not only appear almost naked, but they sing and say dirty nasty things.

But — don't anybody stop them from doing that?

Nobody seems to want to.

Do they let any children in such places?

God forbid — I hope not.

Do any ladies go there?

Ladies? If you mean by ladies persons like your mother and your big sisters and your aunts, I would say No — no ladies go there. But plenty of women go who think they are ladies.

What do they do when the people who act say nasty things?

They laugh and sip their cocktails.

How long do people stay in night-clubs, Daddy?

It all depends. Some stay till two or three o'clock in the morning.

Then do they go home?

Yes, home, such as it is.

And do they go to work the next day?

Some of them are so rich that they don't have to go to work. So they go home and sleep till noon.

But Daddy, don't they have any children, that they have to get ready for school, like mother does to me?

Not many of those who go to night-clubs regularly have any children. Or if they do have, they are the kind of people who usually get divorces and give their children to their mother-in-law or their great-aunt.

But if they are not rich, then do they go to work the next day?

Yes, they go through the motions.

What does that mean?

It means that they get up and go to the place they work, but they are half asleep most of the time, and the rest of the time they are thinking a lot about the bad show they saw the night before.

They can't work very good, then, can they?

Very well, you mean. You're right, they can't work very well. And what's more, they can't think very well, nor act very well, nor sleep very well, nor do anything very well.

DO MANY people go to night-clubs, Daddy?

Well, some go once in a great while, and only to ones that are clean and good, and they don't stay too late nor drink too much to be able to do their work the next day. Other people think they have to go to a night-club every time they visit a strange city, and then they usually pick the ones that are doubtful or bad. They wouldn't go in their own city because they'd be ashamed to have anybody who knew them see them there. And there are too many others who like to go to the bad ones and stay too late and drink too much and look at the nasty shows. Too many — far too many for the good of everybody.

Then when it says the night-clubs are ready for New Year's it means that they are ready to make people drunk and to show them nasty things and to keep them up all night.

Not all of them, but some. And all of them will help to take people away from their homes, and to keep them away from Church the next day when they are supposed to go.

We won't ever go to any night-clubs, will we, Daddy?

Please God, child, no. Surely never to a bad one.

Not even on New Year's?

Not even on New Year's.

I'm glad, Daddy.

The Folly of Rage

A public official was one day reading his newspaper when he came upon an article in which he was severely criticized. The article threw him into such a rage that he swore to a friend that he would get revenge. The friend was a philosopher, and answered as follows:

"You will do nothing of the kind. Half the people who have read the paper did not see the article. Half of those who did see it, did not read it. Half of those who read it, did not understand it. Half of those who understood it, did not believe it. Half of those who believed it, were of no importance anyway. Therefore, forget it."

Success Formula

The proverbial man of success is a contortionist. Putting his best foot forward, he has to keep his back to the wall, his ear to the ground, his shoulder to the wheel, his nose to the grindstone, keep a level head, and have both feet on the ground.

Three Minute Instruction

ON DIVORCE

There are few things in modern life more essentially illogical and indefensible than the widely accepted practice of divorce and remarriage. It is an outstanding example of how the emotional crises in human life can topple reason from its throne and lead men and women to act as if they had never been made capable of thinking at all.

1. If divorce and remarriage are permissible, then marriage is not necessary at all. Marriage is accepted as necessary for society because it is the only state wherein children can be born, reared, and sent forth equipped to do battle with life in their own right. It is the only state wherein all this can be accomplished because it is a permanent state, to last till death dissolves it. As soon as you say that divorce and remarriage, for any reason, are permissible, you say that marriage, which was nature's answer to the need of a permanent state, was not necessary at all.

2. The whole world accepts the principle that marriage is essentially a permanent union, for no matter how common divorce becomes, brides and bridegrooms still pledge themselves to one another till death. And even when they attempt to remarry a second and a third time, they still pledge themselves to one another till death. This means that, while reason still tells them that marriage should be permanent, they follow a purely animal desire when they ask for and obtain a divorce in order to remarry.

3. Not all the sad instances of incompatibility that can be turned up can provide escape from the dilemma that either marriage must be permanent or there should be no such thing as marriage. The tragic victims of intolerable married life can find escape and peace in separation if necessary; but if they seek escape and peace in remarriage, they only multiply the woes of the world while trying to destroy the foundation of society, viz., marriage. And all the religious and social ceremonies with which they may surround their second and third and fourth marriages cannot drown the voice with which they say: "There should be no such thing as marriage at all."

To the thinking man and woman, this will always be the mental reaction to any thought of divorce and remarriage: "To want to remarry after divorce is to want that the institution of marriage be destroyed. That means to stand for promiscuous and temporary mating among the sexes, on the basis of whim and passion alone."

ON PAINTING THE FACE

We hereby present a few diffident remarks on a subject much neglected in modern research. This is an invitation to the keenest minds to set themselves to work.

E. F. MILLER

THE art of painting the face is fascinating in itself and open to infinite possibilities of development for creative minds. While it is not as yet categorized as one of the fine arts, nor considered worthy of distinct classification, administration buildings, and government grants at our larger universities, it is fast gaining ground and will soon, we can rightly surmise, take its place amongst the advanced courses on all curricula. So it should be. Horace wrote an interesting little brochure on the art of writing poetry. Were he living today he would undoubtedly consecrate his pen to this far more important work — the art of painting one's face.

It is not meant by these words of course that only the skilled painter can gain mastery in the use of the puff, tweezers, and stick. Quite the contrary. Neither is it meant that only the recognized artist should devote himself or herself to the art. Again quite the contrary. There are uncounted numbers of individuals of the female sex in the world who practice on the face each day and many times a day in an effort to give life to an idea and to create the immortal. Age is no halter on their zeal, and poor material on which to work is no check upon their hope. Children hardly out of their jumpers can be seen on corners and in high-school classrooms with their implements in hand and hard at work. Would it be wise to stop them in their stretchings for perfect self-expression? To do so would be to undermine the proof of the oft-repeated axiom that there is a bit of genius crying for freedom even in the least of us; or to couch the thought in the vernacular, there is no one on earth who does not suffer from artistic cramps and esthetic hallucinations in the course of life. It is the crystallization of an old attitude hitherto unexpressed: if I cannot paint pictures, I can at least paint my face.

In speaking of *painting* the face we use the word generically, by which we mean the application of any substance, wet or dry, with brush

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or without, with real paint or with artificial paint for the purpose of adornment. The current loose use of language has given to the word *painting* a meaning that etymologically it does not possess. We use the word in its broad and false sense.

THERE are three classes of people who give themselves over quite completely to the art of face painting. The first two, the clown in the circus and the actor on the stage, can be disposed of with a word. The clown, whose purpose it is to make people laugh, must of necessity cover over with paint that which could very easily have an effect the opposite of the one intended. We refer to the face. It is said that many a clown's face is by nature downcast and extremely sad. In a profession that can prosper only on laughter such a condition would be intolerable. Therefore the paint. The actor whose purpose it is to make believe as though he were not making believe must cover over his face with paint lest in its native state it give him away as really making believe. Mayhap this sounds involved. So be it. Those acquainted with such matters will have adequate understanding. The third class cannot be passed off so lightly. It is composed of the individuals named above, the members of the female sex.

Before proceeding with this particular phase of the art of face painting it might be well to tabulate the materials used by the artist in the accomplishment of her art. We shall have space and time only for the more important and better known *utenda*.

Powder can be put down as the foundation or basis on which every structure must rise, the *sine qua non* of every finished product. It is a white floury substance, delightful to the nostrils in most instances, and applied in greater or lesser quantities according to the number of cavities and erosive indentations that age or the quickening pace of time has exposed. While it is generally scattered on the face in such a manner as to cover the whole surface and even a portion of the neck, still there are some parts that according to custom and a few schools of thought receive a little more than do the others. The cheeks belong to this group, and oftentimes the nose, especially if the nose shows a tendency to shine. But on all parts it is rubbed in well and smoothed out neatly with a tiny flannel cloth gathered up in a bunch and commonly termed the puff. If it were not rubbed in well, blotches of white might appear pointing the finger of shame at the subject as being guilty of

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too great haste in the preliminary work. This according to many is the unforgivable sin.

Rouge, the second material, is almost as important as the first. It is a reddish or brownish substance made out of some herb or root, and while not thick enough to coagulate, still not so fine either as to blow away at the first breath of breeze. It is placed upon the cheeks by the fingers low or high, thick or thin, again according to individual taste, and producing as many effects as there are spots on the sun, depending entirely on the manner in which it is applied. When it is allowed to rest high on the cheekbones and in brilliant hue, it produces what might be called the feverish effect; that is, it leads one to believe that the person is suffering from a high fever. When it is put on in just a general sort of way, a pat here and a pat there, it produces what might be termed for want of a better word, the mysterious effect, or the "suddenly called out of bed" effect; that is, it leads one to believe that the person had not time to look when this bit of work was done. Naturally the rouge should blend nicely into the other colors on the face, but since this is a fine point of the art, there are not many who have mastered it.

The *lip stick* comes third, not in the order of importance, but in the order of application. In truth it is almost as important as the powder. It is not a crayon, though like a crayon in composition. Neither is it a piece of chalk, though like a piece of chalk in size. It could best be characterized as a damp length of putty-like, reddish material, different from rouge in this that it is sticky, that is applied to the lips as a paint brush is applied to a margin or a border. Though powder and rouge may be dispensed with on occasion, the lip stick never. That would be like eliminating the sun from the heavens. Its effect is to leave the lips a bright or dull red according to the kind of stick used, and to open the door to the evils of soiled napkins, spotted handkerchiefs, sticky dentist tools, and even blotched foreign faces if such objects are brought into close contact with lips so adorned. The mouth can be made large or small or medium with a deft turn of this item without added difficulty or trouble. The only trouble would be the necessity of watching the papers to discover how lips are being turned out in Hollywood; of course that would be no trouble at all.

THERE are other materials besides these mentioned which should be in the kit of every sincere painter. *Mascara* is one, a black

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paint that is put in the region of the eyes for the purpose of adding luster and brilliance to the eyes. Cold cream is another, which is put on the face the night before the canvas is brought forth, but with care lest by an overdose the pores on the whole face be made to expand out of all proportion. And a well advertised and highly recommended soap is a third, which must always be used for the cleansing of the face before even a thought can be given to any serious painting. And there are still others. But let this suffice for a sketchy outline of what elemental things the artist must have on hand for the creation of a new face. We shall now take up the purpose of the art.

It is an undeniable fact that it is a woman's privilege to be attractive and to attract. She is to all living things in the world what honey is to the bee. God made her that way, and so therefore she should be. For many thousands of years, due to her mode of life and the circumstances of the times, she was in a position to fulfil this high destiny to the advantage both of herself and of those who gazed upon her and were impressed by her charms. The open air grew roses in her cheeks; the falling rain formed curls in her hair; the stars were reflected in her eyes and the setting sun upon her lips. She was indeed a thing of beauty, as God has intended, a little bit of heaven come down to earth to show men what heaven must be like.

Then came the ogre of modern times, the industrial age. The women of the world were dropped into mines, caged behind the bars of banks, imprisoned in five and ten cent stores and factories. The sun became an unknown quantity to them, and fresh air something that causes colds. The results were almost instantaneous. The roses died in their cheeks, the sparkle disappeared from their eyes, and the sunshine had to be content with the brooks and the seas to find a place for its reflection. The darkness and dust of their new found occupations had robbed them of their destiny and birthright. What were they to do? Though sallow and pallid now, they still had the fundamental right of being beautiful and attractive. How were they to accomplish this end?

The problem was not long in the solving. Sun or no sun, they would create their own roses; they would remove the wrinkles and lines caused by confining work by covering them over with a synthetic substance the color of an overcast sky; they would bring back the luster of their eyes and the loveliness of their lips by making labor return to them what labor had caused them to lose. If restitution could not be made of what

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was rightfully theirs, they would have occult compensation. And so arose the gigantic cosmetic business, and in its train, the art of painting the face.

This argument is good after a fashion, but it limps. The artificial materials used in recreating lost beauty do not live up to the promise they give while resting in their places in the makeup box. Rouge no more gives the illusion that the cheeks are really rosy from health and happiness than a coat of paint on an old house makes the passerby believe that the house is new. And lip-sticked lips literally stick in the throat as a picture of young lips full and blossoming like ripe cherries, made so by processes within and the forces of nature without — sunshine, exercise, proper sleep, and all that. There is a kink in the logic some place along the line.

IT SEEMS that nature does not take kindly to the modern methods of reclaiming beauty. It is always attempting to cast off the foreign matter placed upon it with the result that the face is in a constant state of disrepair. No sooner is the job done, even though infinite care was exercised and long hours were spent before a mirror or in a beauty shop, than a leak is discovered and repairs must be made. That is why all face painters must carry about with them a satchel of tools and be ready on instant notice to go into action. Though it is an artistic labor, it is more demanding than the manual labor of a plumber. Now this is not the case with painted pictures. Once a picture is finished, it does not have to be retouched for years. It is hard to imagine a painted face not having to be retouched for years. Thus nature's verdict seems to be in favor of the other side.

Then too, the argument limps in this that it gives the women of the world a false ideal of beauty; it makes them forget that every stage in life has its own peculiar type of beauty, whether the stage be early young womanhood, or middle age, or old age. Wrinkles are not a sign of ugliness if rightfully come by. A wrinkle is a scar of battle and should cause no more dismay and shame than should a wound gained by a soldier while defending his country. Age 20 has its beauties; so also has age 30, and in a sense more captivating than the beauties of age 20; so also has age 60. But since the introduction of paint boxes, women do not believe this. To them the ideal age is 18 to 25, and though the actual age is 45 or 75, they must use all the artistic skill

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available to hide their real beauty, and create the deception that they belong to the chosen few between 18 and 25. Literally they are attempting to tint the lily. And they deceive no one but themselves.

Thus the argument that face painting is only a means of reclaiming artificially what was taken away from womanhood by social circumstances, excessive labor, and all that, has not a few holes in its flank. In most cases it simply does not effect the end intended.

ANOTHER argument, perhaps stronger, might be adduced in favor of the custom or the art. As all men of learning know, some kind of face adornment was practiced amongst ancient tribes and nations, even amongst those unacquainted with the ways of civilization. Certainly the Indians who were wont to roam the forests of North America had acquired a knowledge of the art long before the Mayflower landed on the rock. But only on special occasions did they practice it. One such occasion was the time of war when they sallied forth to kill outright, or take captive and make slaves of those who were unfortunate enough to fall into their hands. At those times they painted their faces in all the colors of the rainbow, and it might be said conquered by their appearance almost as much as by their weapons.

Perhaps the women of the world have in them a bit of the Indian. Who will refuse to say that they are on a perpetual hunt for captives? And who will deny that when the battle is thickest, the paint applied is heaviest? And who, furthermore, will hesitate to admit that many a captive has been made more through the power of the paint than through the powers that lay behind the paint? Painting the face may be merely an acquired characteristic, caught up like a germ from the soil on which the savages trod and shed their blood. Women, being the weaker of the sexes, are infected, while men, the stronger, escape. It is generally conceded that men have escaped, for the only time they use powder is after shaving, and then to staunch the flow of blood. How long this condition will prevail cannot be determined. We see a wedge made in the common habit of aloofness on the part of the men by the custom recently introduced of small boys wearing false faces on such days as Halloween and their birthday. Definitely it should not be allowed to continue lest the larger evil of grown men also being bound to wear a false face become the style underneath pain of social ostracism.

This argument taken from the Indian we only submit as a possible

solution of the problem: why do women paint their faces? Strict scientific criticism has not as yet been applied to the theory to determine its truth or falsity. Future investigators under the expert leadership of renowned archaeologists and anthropologists and sociologists, and with the aid of beneficent millionaires who desire to do some solid good with their surplus wealth, will undoubtedly sift out the chaff from the wheat, and give a far-reaching contribution to future ages.

AND so we leave the question where we found it. While painting the face is an art worthy of the highest consideration, it has hardly scratched the surface of development. Few there are, even in the more advanced schools of Cosmetics, who can make a painted face look like a real face and not like that of a clown. Certainly the amateurs, whose name is legion, cannot.

The strange part of it all is that, though rational men can find no solid reason why the face should be painted, still they like to see at least a spattering of paint on the face of the one they love, or the one with whom they associate in close friendship.

It may be true after all that, as the poet said so many years ago — men *too* (the italics mine) have lost their reason.

The American Way

Walter Steele, editor of the National Republic, testifying before the Dies Committee, gave as his findings that there were 77,000 official members of the Communist Party in the United States, and 6,500,000 active sympathizers.

Now the ordinary ratio throughout the world is 10 sympathizers to 1 militant Communist. According to Mr. Steele's figures, the United States produces no less than 85 "sympathizers" to 1 militant.

The conclusion is either that Communists are more efficient in our country, or that Americans are more gullible. Take your pick.

The Pleasure-Seeker

"Those who are destitute of wisdom and goodness and are ever present at carousals and the like are carried on the downward path, it seems, and wander thus throughout their life. They never look upwards to the truth, nor do they lift their heads, nor enjoy any pure and lasting pleasure; but like cattle they have their eyes ever cast downwards and bent upon the ground and upon their feeding places, and they graze and grow fat and breed, and through their insatiable desire of these delights they kick and butt with their horns and hoofs of iron, and kill one another in their greed." — *Plato*.

BROKEN RESOLVE

F. A. Ryan

"Next month I shall leave him," she said, as she closed the diary wherein for thirty consecutive years she had written down on New Year's Day the promise that the present year would be the last of her dwelling in the house of a man with whom she lived as if married when marriage was impossible. "Next month." That was better than anything she had written during those thirty years. It was more definite, more promising. This time she would keep her word.

There were many things to be done before the month was up. Her children were grown up and gone from her, living afar in their own homes. She must write to them and prepare them to receive her. She must make them understand that she must leave their father, even though they had none of the religious training that made it so imperative in her mind. She must put in her words to them something of the thirty years of spiritual anguish she had endured, first so as to make sure that they would accept her, and then that she might be near to give them and their children something of that spiritual inheritance which had so long been withheld.

She took out her scented letter paper and her pen. No word had been written when her children's father stamped into the house and made his way directly to her room. He danced a little jig of joy.

"Hurrah," he shouted. "Just closed the biggest contract of my whole career. It means the best and grandest vacation we've ever had. I've ordered the tickets. We're going to Florida, Havana, Bermuda. The sky's the limit on expense and we can take as long as we like."

Her heart leaped within her. Florida! Cuba! Bermuda! What dreams come true! She folded up the blank piece of scented letter paper and put it back in its box. She put the fountain pen together and laid it away in the drawer. She turned to kiss him happily as he bent over her.

As she turned a pain like a stab shot from her left side to her right beneath her shoulders. She made one gasp for breath. She never kissed him. Her head dropped like a dead weight on a breaking reed.

He held her up, but when he touched her pulse she was dead.

THE LITERARY WORTH OF THE BIBLE

The world's best seller is not dependent only on the fact that it is the word of God for its success. It is the world's greatest and everlasting masterpiece of literature.

EDWARD A. MANGAN .

SOME time ago THE LIGUORIAN carried an article calling attention to some of the reasons why the book known all the world over as the Bible has irrefutable claims to be acknowledged and reverenced as the unique book of all literature. The first and foremost reason for this is of course the fact that the Bible, every part of it, was written by God Himself through the human authors whom He used as His instruments. From the "In the beginning" of the first book of the Bible, called Genesis, to the "Come Lord Jesus" which closes the last book called the Apocalypse, the Bible is in its entirety the word of God in a unique sense which can be claimed by no other book of literature.

OTHER REASONS

This reason alone, that the Bible was written by God, should be enough to persuade anyone who professes the name Christian, to read, nay constantly to study the Sacred Book. But there are many other reasons why this exquisite book should claim our whole-hearted and enthusiastic interest.

Pope St. Damasus said long ago in a letter to St. Jerome: "I do not believe there can be among us a subject more worthy of conversation than the Scriptures." Why is it that people do not converse about the Scriptures? Surely it is not because they do not wish to talk of them. The simple reason seems to be that few if any know anything about the Bible. Knowledge of the Bible then would seem to be very necessary to one who desires, as all men do desire, to be an informed man, a man who can converse well.

There are still many other reasons why this Book of books should attract us. The illustrious Father Lacordaire has said: "When one opens the Bible as an ordinary book without knowing its real nature," — he is referring to the inspiration of the Bible — "it is impossible to resist

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the impression it produces as a monument of history, a legislative and moral Code of the most surpassing eloquence."

Men and women pride themselves on being acquainted with history. And yet you will meet men who wish to be known as lovers of history sadly lacking any but the most superficial knowledge of this most important historical work. There is history in the Bible. What history! It goes back to the origin of the world, to the beginning of time. Among the fables and myths of the world so pitiful in their fantastic jargon, the Bible stands alone as a true historical document. And the rest of the Bible, from that wondrously stupendous yet simple beginning to the end of the Apostolic Age, which St. John closes with the words: "There are many other things which Jesus did; which, if they were written every one, the world itself, I think, would not be able to contain the books that should be written" — it all may be considered as a history of the world up to that time from the viewpoint of God.

What man can dare to boast that he knows all about legislation who has not at least read and re-read the Bible? It is one of the most splendid documents of legislation the world has ever known. For that matter few are comparable to it, and fewer will be. The Christian world without realizing it owes most of its legislation to the Bible. The Codes of law known to the Romans and Greeks and Babylonians and Egyptians when compared to the legislation of the Bible only serve to enhance its splendor and worth.

These are only some of the reasons why people should read the Bible. Some of the greatest men who have ever lived have gone into raptures when speaking of the immense treasures contained in this marvellous book. Great writers at all times, these men, great scholars and greater saints, have written their most beautiful and lyric language when writing about the Bible. The sentiments of all of them may be summed up in the following quotation:

"Among the books whose leaves you diligently thumb, one should receive your first and greatest attention, the unique and only necessary book, with the tradition which interprets it, the book without a model and which will always remain without a peer, the book in which God's treasures of wisdom and science are contained. Theology, morality, philosophy, history, eloquence, poetry are all there."

Quotations like this could be multiplied by the hundreds, and all of them taken from the most renowned men of the world, Catholic and non-Catholic alike.

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THE LITERARY BEAUTY OF THE BIBLE

But in this article it is proposed to draw attention especially to the gems of literature contained in the Bible. We all pride ourselves in this day and age on being readers of literature. We have our book of the month clubs, we have our literary clubs, our book-review clubs. We talk about knowing and appreciating literature. No matter what kind of a group may be gathered together and no matter what the business of the meeting or the subject of the conversation may be, the talk will at some time or other in all gatherings revert to the subject of literature or reading.

How regrettable it is then that so few read the Bible! How very few are aware of the fact that it contains some of the world's most exquisite literature! How few of our modern so-called well read and well informed men and women have even the most superficial knowledge of the literature of the Bible, most of which is of the rarest and most sublime in all the world. Though this aspect of the Bible is only a secondary one, it deserves all the emphasis possible. God who created the whole world with all its beauties did not forget the aesthetic beauties when He wrote the Scriptures through instruments that used human language.

Ernest Renan, who scoffed at the idea of inspiration as we understand it, and who laughed away the very idea of God, who therefore did immense harm to the Scriptures understood as God's writing, has written in glowingly enthusiastic terms of the literary merit and excellence of the Scriptures. He calls the Bible "the book par excellence." He says that Israel's masterpieces are "to be looked upon as classic in the same degree as the productions of Greece, Rome and other Latin peoples." Again he writes: "Like Greece, Israel had the art of giving perfect form to its ideas, of expressing them in a terse and artistic setting. It thus succeeded in giving to men's thoughts and emotions a form that the whole human race could welcome."

These praises of the Bible were penned by a scoffer at God, a rationalist who did not believe in God. And yet Catholics will be found who dismiss the subject of the Bible with a weary: "That dry book! What is it but a dried-up old list of names and places?" Others think of it as an enumeration of laws. Still others will say that it is uninteresting or will ask why they should be interested in things that the old Jews did and said. And strange beyond measure, some even think of God's

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Bible as a collection of dirty stories! And these same people may have read "Anthony Adverse" or "Gone With the Wind" or "Grapes of Wrath."

The literary beauty of the Bible consists most of all of course in the inimitable magnificence of the ideas put forth in its writings. It is this quality above all others that places this book so immeasurably higher than all others, that enhances it with a grandeur that is incomparable. Nothing has ever been written in ancient or modern literature that approaches the Bible in loftiness or nobility of thought. Literary beauty in its last analysis consists in harmony between substance and form, or between the ideas and the manner in which they are expressed. In the Bible this harmony is found so generally that it may be predicated of the whole book.

Naturally this holds true most especially in regard to the original languages, the Hebrew for the Old Testament and the Greek for the New. But so beautifully were the thoughts expressed in the first writings, and so great and varied have been the labors entailed in preserving them for us that even in the English translation of the Bible, which is so far removed from the original, these beauties are in great part wonderfully reflected.

A FEW EXAMPLES

Let Moses give us an example of a vivid short but accurate description of an event combined with a description of nature. Writing of the overthrow of the Egyptians in the Red Sea, he says: "Pharaoh's chariots and his army He hath cast into the sea, his chosen captains are drowned in the Red Sea. The depths have covered them, they are sunk to the bottom like a stone. And with the blast of Thy anger the waters were gathered together; the flowing water stood, the depths were gathered together in the midst of the sea. The wind blew and the sea covered them; they sank as lead in the mighty waters."

And what preacher has ever painted the anger of God in such glowing colors as does the same Moses in describing the anger of God at His people Israel for their sins of idolatry? "A fire is kindled in my wrath," writes Moses, "and shall burn even to the lowest hell, and shall devour the earth with her increase and shall burn the foundation of the mountains." Only the majestic words of Christ Himself can be compared in vividness and perfect adequacy to these. "Depart from me, you cursed, into everlasting fire which was prepared for the devil and

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his angels." The words themselves so well chosen without encumbrance of excessive foliage seem to crash out their significance.

A few snatches from the poem of Deborah after the victory of Barac reflect the same beauties. "The mountains melted before the face of the Lord, and Sinai before the face of the Lord the God of Israel. . . . Where the chariots were dashed together, and the army of the enemies was choked, there let the justices of the Lord be rehearsed and his clemency towards the brave men of Israel."

David's elegy on the deaths of Saul and Jonathan merits a high place. "Ye mountains of Gelboe, let neither dew nor rain come upon you, neither be they fields of first fruits; for there was cast away the shield of the valiant, the shield of Saul as though he had not been anointed with oil. From the blood of the slain, from the fat of the valiant, the arrow of Jonathan never turned back, and the sword of Saul did not return empty. Saul and Jonathan, lovely and comely in their life, even in death they were not divided; they were swifter than eagles, stronger than lions." But David's psalms, of which there are so many, are perhaps better known than any other portions of Holy Scripture, and there is no need to discourse on their beauty. Unquestionably they rank as high as any literature of their type.

Where in all literature is there anything to compare with the following magnificent passage of Isaias who is describing figuratively the punishment of sinners? "With breaking shall the earth be broken, with crushing shall the earth be crushed, with trembling shall the earth be moved. With shaking shall the earth be shaken as a drunken man, and shall be removed as a tent of one night; and the iniquity thereof shall be heavy upon it, and it shall fall, and not rise again." And who but God Himself again through Isaias could depict in words the majesty of God as it is impressed on us by the following passage: "Do you not know? hath it not been told you from the beginning? Have you not understood the foundations of the earth? It is He that sitteth upon the globe of the earth and the inhabitants thereof are as locusts; He that stretcheth out the heavens as nothing and spreadeth them out as a tent to dwell in. He that bringeth the searchers of secrets to nothing, that hath made the judges of the earth as vanity. . . . Knowest thou not or hast thou not heard? The Lord is the everlasting God, who hath created the ends of the earth; He shall not faint, nor labor, neither is there any searching out of His wisdom. It is He that giveth strength

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to the weary and increaseth force and might to them that are not."

Passages of this kind could be selected at random from almost every chapter of the book of Isaias. Every kind of beautiful description, burning eloquence, solemn warnings, elegiac mourning, sprightly wit and humor, lyric passages in abundance all crowd together in this sublime book of the most literary of the prophets.

In fine, every book of the Old Testament yields inestimable treasures of literature to those who will read it seriously. The New Testament in its entirety is so wondrously beautiful that any attempt to describe it would fall woefully short of adequacy. I have deliberately selected these few passages from the Old Testament, and that at random, because the Old Testament is the part of the Bible at which the attacks, nay the jibes of people who know so little about it are constantly levelled.

Indictment of the Press

Monsignor Fulton Sheen recently gave to the *Catholic Herald* of London the following indictment of the American secular Press on the part of Catholics:

"The Catholic people of America, it is safe to say, no longer believe their secular Press, and for these very good reasons:

1) The Press fell down completely in reporting the Civil War in Spain, not only by misrepresenting facts now generally admitted, but also by concealing the truth. One of the largest American newspapers had a reporter in Red Spain who denied reports of the fall of Barcelona after it had actually fallen, and then went crazy when he discovered it to be true. To add insult to injury this newspaper has now sent that same reporter — of all places — to Rome!

2) Catholics suspect the Press because it fails to call things by their right names. From the dispatches one would never suspect that the Popular Front of France had a single Communist in it. There is a general tendency to ignore Communism in international news while overstressing the word Fascist.

3) Closely allied to this is a conspiracy of silence concerning persecution. Not over three metropolitan newspapers have carried any information concerning the persecution of Catholics in Germany, and none concerning the persecution of Catholics in Mexico. There is a strong inclination in America for the Press to choose among barbarities, quite forgetful of the fact that it has no moral right to condemn persecution unless it condemns it irrespective of where it finds it."

ON WRITING STORIES

A few groping and random thoughts on a topic that often enters our mail and sets us to thrashing about for a solution that will be satisfactory to all.

D. F. MULLER

THREE is nothing so intriguing to one who has dabbled at story-writing as the variety of comments that stories call forth from the reading public. It is almost impossible to form any hard and fast conclusions from such comments because they range at times all the way from enthusiastic flattery to the wildest sort of patronizing condemnation. If a story is realistic — practically taken from the lips of actual individuals and their concrete situations, some will say it is trite and others will say it is a pure product of imagination. If a story is made to fit a principle, as many individuals make their actions fit their principles, it will be called idealistic and utopian, or pious and sweet, or again, unreal and impossible.

Then, too, there are the phases of opinion that arise from the various backgrounds of different individual readers. There are those who, steeped in the vulgar realism of so much modern literature, have no time for anything that does not grovel a little in the sensual or the "delicately" obscene. There are those who are so perfectionistic in their tastes that anything short of a classic cannot possibly please them, and who will accept nothing as even approaching the classical if it has not had at least a hundred years of approval on the part of the critics of literature. There are others who have little classical training or experience, and who judge the few things they read by how they make them feel. Put down a principle for the Catholic story writer that will take into account all these various types of readers and you will be a genius ready to go down in history among the greatest of them all.

THE Catholic story writer has to consider two things: what he shall write about and how he shall write if he writes at all. By what he shall write about is here meant what kind of human happenings and transformations he shall portray; because it is of the essence of a good story that it describe some sort of transformation in the character or characters of those it presents.

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Let us say that he decides to be realistic, i.e., to take events out of real life and dress them up in story form. To the Catholic who has had any experience of real life, there are two transformations far more interesting and far more dramatic than any others, yet many Catholic readers seem to think that both of them should be made taboo. One is the conversion of a non-Catholic to the true faith, and the other is the reformation of a sinner from his ways of sin. Put them up any way you want; dress them in the language of the street or the language of the drawing room; no matter — they are dubbed with the ironical and devastating name of "pious stories" or with the scoffing and equally excoriating title of "impossible and unreal."

It has often been said that a story writer should not stick too close to actual happenings of real life in telling a story, because if he does, in nine cases out of ten, he will be called impossible. Certainly this holds in the telling of stories pertaining to conversion or reformation. The incorrigibles make the popular fiction, when the world is full of people who have mended their ways. The non-religious, or anti-religious, or falsely religious, are always interesting "heroes and heroines" — while those who are truly religious or who have just come to accept true religion are relegated to the fanciful land of impossible make-believe. We know a non-Catholic man who married a Catholic and promised that he would bring up his children as Catholics. He taught them their catechism, and when he had gone through the book once he found himself believing every word of it and so he came and asked for baptism. Tell that in story form and it will be called pious and impossible banality. We know a hundred persons who were brought to the threshold of the confessional by the strangest concatenation of events — but we wouldn't dare tell their stories because they would merit from many readers nothing more exciting than a "humpf." Oh yes, such stories could be told if one would use ninety per cent of one's space in describing the sinful excesses of the one ultimately to be converted. Then the comment would be: "What a wonderful story — so realistic — and with what an excellent moral." But without the dirt, the story, in many circles, simply would not get by. Yet they are the stuff of real life — far more so than the sloppy divorces of Kathleen Norris and the crude obscenities of Ernest Hemingway.

Or the Catholic story writer can choose to write from an idealistic point of view, to show, under the pretense of real life, how real life

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should be. He has plenty of precedent to support him in taking this point of view. Any number of classics could be mentioned that were written for the purpose of making the world admire and love what is truly noble. But again, while noble things from a materialistic and pagan point of view seem highly acceptable, the noble things from a Catholic and therefore complete and universal point of view seem not acceptable at all. Write of modern martyrs, or of young men and young women giving up rich homes and luxurious surroundings to follow a religious vocation, and again you have become pious and impossible. Can it be because people find it so hard and so boring and so joyless to be noble and good in the Catholic sense that at least in their fiction they want the vicarious thrill of living like pagans?

WHEN the problem of what to write about has been settled there still remains that of the manner of presentation. Here, of course, is where the touch of genius is either found or not. Nevertheless, if genius alone could make things readable, then the majority of the secular magazines would not be missed were they to stop publication tomorrow.

Genius has nothing to do with the popularity of many writers of the day. They may get a dollar a word for the stuff they produce, they may be read by millions, but almost before the dollar is spent their stuff will be forgotten, never to be turned up again. Nor indeed, has plot structure and matter: often two lines would be sufficient, with space left over, to write down all that happens in many a typical short story of the hour. "The married woman revolts and runs off with the old flame." You can find that plot in a good score of magazines of any month in the year. Yet there are plenty of people who read such stories avidly, first, because they too have experienced the restlessness of a fallen nature's loves, and secondly, because the stories are written in a manner that holds the senses rapt even though the intellect has been asked to retire.

"Jan knelt beside the divan on which Viola reclined. His heart went out to her in the emptiness of her life—in the solitude that wifehood, which should have meant companionship, awakening, fullness, happiness, had brought to her soul. He touched her hand and she did not recoil. He could see her soul reaching out to him, from those misty darknesses of her neglect and abandonment, from the deep dark forest of all the petty annoyances that her loveless marriage had created. In

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that moment he wanted to lift her up in his arms and carry her away—away to a land of sunshine and laughter and joy—away to a place where all the sadness of her heart could be drowned out in a sea of joy. Etc., etc." Anyone can write like that and perhaps be read by millions who have permitted their senses to look for every real and vicarious thrill that can amuse them for the moment.

BUT apart from such extreme examples of crude but popular art, the matter of style is one that trips many a Catholic story writer. Here indeed there is such a thing as "the pious story"—pious in the cloying sweetness of the phrases used and the conversations projected. The market has been deluged with such, otherwise there would be no reason for bringing them up at all. When every smile is a "sweet" smile; when going to Church casts an "unearthly light" over the features, when "tears glisten on cheeks" and wives invariably call their husbands "dearest" and husbands return with "darling"; when people smile wanly in their sorrows and friends "wordlessly press the hands of stricken friends"; when babies talk like grown up persons in comforting their parents and parents use baby talk in explaining anything to their children; when there are plenty of "oh's" and "ah's" and now and then an "alas" sprinkled in cversation—then it is natural to feel a surge of rebellion in the soul and a fervent wish that the too, too pious writer could somehow be excluded from the glorious prerogative of freedom of speech and pen.

Possibly it is because this kind of writing has been so predominantly associated with stories of conversion and reformation that the mind of the average reader can no longer disassociate matter from form. Perhaps as soon as many readers see a conversion looming up in a story all the gushing sweetness of a hundred previously read stories rushes out to meet it and makes them drop the story in disgust. We wonder, and we would certainly like to know.

COMING back to the original problem of this article, we can lay down only this principle, that it is impossible to please any given cross section of Catholic readers with Catholic short stories. The answer may be to let story writing to geniuses, whose enviable power it is to take almost any sort of matter and to dress it in such a way that the whole world will clamor for it, sight unseen. Yet it is hard to reconcile

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oneself to that counsel of futility and despair, when the literary markets of the world are choked not only with so much that is mediocre and uninspired, but with so much that can attract only to destroy.

Hospitality

Pope Pius VII granted an indulgence of seven years and seven quarantines to all persons who would give three strangers to eat in memory of Jesus, Mary, and Joseph, provided that they did so with true sorrow for their sins. The indulgence was to become plenary if they received the Sacraments of Confession and Holy Communion the same day.

It all came about through the charity of a good burgher of Valencia, who every year on Christmas day gave a banquet for three poor people of the neighborhood in honor of the Holy Family.

Said the burgher: "The Holy Family received rebuffs when they asked for shelter in Bethlehem. Had I been there, they would have been taken care of. I was not there—I did not exist so long ago. But what I could not do then I can do now by welcoming in their stead the poor who represent them in our regard."

When this man came to die, the story runs, the door of his sick room opened and there stood before him Jesus, Mary, and Joseph. They said:

"Thou hast so often seated us at thy table, that it is only just that we should come at last to invite thee to a seat at ours." And they took him up to heaven with them where he is happy even now.

That is why Pope Pius VII declared the indulgence.

Thy Will . . .

Fred Snite, the internationally known "boiler kid," wrote these inspiring lines on the eve of a pilgrimage to Lourdes:

"You may wonder how I feel about this venture personally. Will I petition God for physical improvement, and be sorely disappointed if such is not granted? The answer is no. I will make an earnest plea to Him and to the Blessed Mother to help me, knowing that He can cure me if He should desire, but if it is not His will, and He surely knows best, then it is not mine. I shall be just as happy, just as contented, and just as thankful as I have ever been. He has always been good to me, and whatever way He sees fit that I should spend the remainder of my life on earth, it will not only be satisfactory, but pleasing to me. . . ."

THOUGHT FOR THE SHUT-IN

A. Billimek

Suffering and pain come from God, and He has a very personal reason for sending them to you.

Consider yourself for a few moments to be a sweetheart or a husband or a wife deeply in love. Your companion is perfect in your eyes. You ask nothing but never to be separated from the object of your love, and to be able to give back, with momentary increase, the happiness that such love has brought to you.

But the one you love is in pain—pain that pierces your own heart with numbing anguish. And it is your task to increase that pain in order that ultimate relief may come. You are the doctor, we'll say, who must lance the festering wound. You are the nurse, who must apply the stinging remedy. Yet you are lover too, and as you intensify the pain of your loved one because that is the only way to health, you hear the pain-wracked voice finding comfort and strength in saying: "I love you." Increase of pain at your hands has been only a reminder of the breadth and depth of the love that binds you together.

* * *

God and you are lovers, and that is how He is treating you. God is so deeply in love with you that He wants only to hear you say that you love Him. Above all, when He sends you a cross, when He afflicts you with suffering and pain, He wants you to think of how He does this only because it is the way to ultimate relief and insurpassable joy. He is like the lover who is a surgeon, like the sweetheart who is a nurse, increasing pain only and always because this is necessary for your release from all pain.

And this He makes the greatest test of your love. If like the sweetheart or wife who can still say "I love you" to the one who must administer the painful remedy, you can say in childlike confidence to God "I love you" when the knife of His love cuts deep into your soul—then He will smile upon you indeed. And *His* smile is infinite and everlasting.

FOR BETTER, FOR WORSE

An example of the kind of stories that seem unbelievable when put up like fiction. No doubt you won't believe it—but it actually happened.

E. F. MILLER

THEY were married quietly by a Justice of the Peace who had his office at the other side of town. No ceremony, no attendants, no beautiful white wedding gown with train and veil, no nothing—just the plain recitation of the marriage vows in the bleak, cold room before a fat, fishy-eyed, and bored-looking man who gave no inkling that he had the slightest realization that this was the greatest moment in the young bride's life. The whole thing was over in five minutes, the door was closed behind them, and they were in a cab on their honeymoon.

Of course it was not her idea of how a wedding should take place—especially her own wedding. She had had her dreams as other girls have theirs—dreams of organ music, the solemn march up the center aisle of a flower-decked church, the congratulations of relatives and friends. But he had vetoed every suggestion that she made. "Something quiet, private—you know, informal," he insisted. And she loved him so much that when he took her in his arms and kissed her tenderly, her objections melted away like so much summer snow. How could she help loving him? He was so handsome, so full of enthusiasm, so perfect a lover, yet withal so dependable. Their courtship had been like a dream, like something you read about in stories.

The thing that mattered was—she was really married to him. After all it made little difference whether the service was read in a church amidst great excitement or in a gloomy back office amidst crawling spiders and hanging cobwebs. The point was—she was really married to him, and for life. Till death do us part! No power on earth could ever separate them or destroy their love.

You see, she was a Methodist, sincere and strict in her belief. He was a Catholic, born so, and educated in Catholic schools. He had told her that much—no more. They never talked religion. She thought that it was perfectly all right for Catholics just like Methodists to be

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married wherever they wanted to be, and that the marriage would be valid and lasting.

THE honeymoon was brief, spent at a lakeside not far from town, but in great secrecy. Though she could not quite understand his desire for the secrecy (she knew that he was not ashamed of her) those two weeks spent together were as close to heaven as she hoped ever to approach. They seemed to understand each other perfectly, had like tastes in such matters as books, radio programs, and food, and were quite content in each other's company, regretting the slightest intrusion even on the part of the delivery boy from the grocery store. Then the honeymoon came to an end, and he left for New York on a business trip, but first installing her in an apartment and giving her plenty of money with which to while away the time. "I won't be back for at least six weeks, honey," he said. "I hate to go, but business is business. Stay here and keep the home fires burning till I return." Then he left.

The first few days went by without incident or distraction. Then she became lonesome, and began to cast around for something to do to hasten the hours in their measured tread. Because she was sincere and really wanted to make her marriage a success, she thought it wise to find out about her husband's religion. A happy marriage depended, she knew, on a perfect community of all things — of thoughts, of feelings, of sentiments. How many times had she not read this in newspaper columns and in books. There was more to it than merely physical attraction. And so with fear and trembling she directed her steps to the nearest Catholic church and sought out the priest. It was her first encounter with a priest in all her life and she had not the slightest idea of what was going to happen to her. All she wanted was some knowledge of the Catholic religion. She had no intention of embracing it.

The priest received her kindly, listened to her carefully, and then said:

"I don't suppose you know very much about the Catholic church or her doctrines, particularly in regard to marriage?"

"Nothing at all. You see, my husband told me no more than the fact that he was a Catholic, and as for myself, I was brought up strictly in a Methodist community where our church was the only one in town. But I want to know something about my husband's religion to surprise

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him when he returns from his trip east. It is bound, I think, to make us happier."

"You are right," answered the priest. "We'll start right out at the beginning." He talked to her for three quarters of an hour. Then he set a day for her to return the following week, and dismissed her.

FOR six weeks the instructions, or better, the informal conversations went on. There were no recriminations or condemnations on the part of the priest — nothing but the utmost kindness and understanding. His words had an overpowering effect on her, and his descriptions of self sacrifice, fidelity to faith as the foundation of every other fidelity gave her an entirely new outlook on life. Though he did not say it in so many words, he left the implication clear that if one could not be trusted in the fundamental things of life — strict allegiance to God, to religion, to faith, then one could not be trusted in those other things that depended on the fundamentals — business integrity, marriage faithfulness, honesty. She learned, again by implication, that her husband was no real Catholic, in fact that he was not even her husband.

The first time she heard the priest infer this latter, she was angry, and on the point of leaving the rectory at once. But the words of explanation that followed were so logical and clear that she was satisfied to remain and hear more. And finally she was content with the explanation. And so at the end of the fifth week she wrote to her husband and told him what she was doing, and that she felt it imperative that they be married by the priest, for his sake if not for her own. She expressed wonderment that he had not been worried about so tremendous a breach of the law of his church. A few days later an answer came in which he consented to any arrangement she would make. "But I don't see why we should have to go to all that trouble," he wrote. "We're married. The law says so. What more do we want? Besides, you haven't heard the whole story in your study of what you call religion. While any plans you may have are agreeable to me, for I love you, still I would advise you to stop worrying about the religious side of the business, and I'm sure that by the time I get home, you shall have forgotten all about it."

She took the letter to the priest. "There is no other person in the world that I would ask this question except you, Father," she said, "but what will I do?" She began to cry. "I love him so."

"Will you always love him so?" he asked. "Or, what is more important, will he always love you as he loves you now? He loved his religion one time too, just as he says he loves you. If he gave that up merely because it became hard for him, what will stop him from giving you up in like manner, or from at least losing interest in you when your now youthful charms and beauty begin to wear away as wear away they must? A man cannot be false to God and true to anything else unless he is an arch hypocrite; he cannot fail God and be true to man. There is no reason for being true to man except for selfish interest — passion, gain, and so on, if God is to be tossed aside and forgotten. When a man forgets his religion, he tosses aside God. But after all it is your decision to make, and I pray God that you make it wisely."

THE train came to a halt in the station. A young man came down the steps of the parlor car two at a time and looked around eagerly.

"There you are," he cried as his eyes fell upon a girl standing at the edge of the pushing crowd of redcaps, disembarking passengers, and waiting relatives and friends. "There you are, my dear, as beautiful as ever — my wife." He enclosed her in his embrace and kissed her. "But let's get out of this." He took her by the arm and led her down the long passage way between the trains, through the station lobby, and out on the sidewalk. It was not till they stood side by side on the curb that he noted her face, white and drawn, her eyes filled with tears.

"Why, what's the matter," he said in alarm. "Aren't you glad to see me? Has something happened?"

For answer she took the wedding ring from her finger and placed it in his hand. He looked at it wonderingly.

"I made a mistake in my simplicity," she said, "a grave mistake. When we were married, I vowed in my heart as well as with my lips that I would be true to you until I drew my last breath. You made the same vow, but it must have been only with your lips. You could not have really meant it in your heart, because you have already gone back on what should be far more important to you than I or anybody else — your religion. In fact you've gone back on the one thing that could make your fidelity to me and your love for me as strong and as lasting as God. I can't be sure now just how long your love for and fidelity to me will last, for it can't be based on anything else except my looks or my disposition or something else that is bound to change as the years go on.

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Once a traitor, always a traitor, you know. There is no use in causing ourselves future misery and trouble. Best to have it done with at once. After all you must realize that we aren't even married. Goodbye."

She stepped into a taxi. The motor roared, the door slammed, and the car whisked down the street. In a moment it was lost to sight.

Prayer for Peace

The following prayer was prescribed by Pope Benedict XV, to be said at the public services in the churches of Europe on February 7th, 1915, and in all the churches throughout the world on March 21st of that same year. Let us now prayerfully read again the prayer of Benedict XV for peace.

"Dismayed by the horrors of a war which is bringing ruin to peoples and nations, we turn, O Jesus, to Thy most loving Heart as to our last hope. O God of Mercy, with tears we invoke Thee to end this fearful scourge; O King of Peace, we humbly implore the peace for which we long. From Thy Sacred Heart Thou didst shed forth over the world divine charity, so that discord might end and love alone might reign among men. During Thy life on earth Thy Heart beat with tender compassion for the sorrows of men: in this hour made terrible with burning hate, with bloodshed and with slaughter, once more may Thy Divine Heart be moved to pity. Pity the countless mothers in anguish for the fate of their sons; pity the numberless families now bereaved of their fathers; pity Europe over which broods such havoc and disaster. Do Thou inspire rulers and peoples with counsels of meekness, do Thou heal the discords that tear the nations asunder; Thou who didst shed Thy Precious Blood that they might live as brothers, bring men together once more in loving harmony. And as once before to the cry of the Apostle Peter: *Save us, Lord, we perish*, Thou didst answer with words of mercy and didst still the raging waves, so now deign to hear our trustful prayer, and give back to the world peace and tranquillity.

"And do thou, O most holy Virgin, as in other times of sore distress, be now our help, our protection, and our safeguard. Amen."

Communism possesses a language which every people can understand. Its elements are hunger, envy, and death.—*Heine*.

The seeds of repentance are sown in youth by pleasure, but the harvest is reaped in age by suffering.—*Colton*.

MOMENTS AT MASS

The Alleluia Verse

F. A. BRUNNER

Like the *Gradual*, the *Alleluia* chant is a respond sung between the Epistle and Gospel; the *Gradual* echoes the preceding lesson, the *Alleluia* forms a prelude to the lesson that follows. The *Alleluia* is sung during most of the year immediately after the *Gradual*. During the season that precedes Easter it is replaced by the *Tract*. And during Eastertide the *Gradual* is omitted and two *Alleluias* (known as the "Greater Alleluias") are sung instead.

Like the *Gradual*, the *Alleluia* is responsorial in character, with the word "Alleluia" as refrain. The chanter intones "Alleluia" which is repeated by the full choir. Then the chanter sings the verse and all repeat "Alleluia." In each repetition the final "a" is drawn out sweetly into a series of notes called a "jubilus"—an awesome expression of praise not defined by words, for the soul is, after all, powerless properly to mouth the praise of God.

History

Any judgment regarding the origins and early liturgical uses of the Alleluia song must rest on guesses rather than on fact, for little is known for certain. The acclamation was included as a refrain in certain psalms—the "Hallel" psalms sung by our Lord at the conclusion of the Last Supper. The chant is undeniably oriental in origin, therefore, and even some of the extant melodies seem to betray a strong Byzantine influence. But it is not sure when the west adopted the music. Even at Rome customs were not uniform. At first, perhaps, it was sung only at Easter, though in St. Jerome's time, it would seem, the *Alleluia* was chanted on all Sundays except during Lent. Some say it was St. Gregory who wrote the verses which are now appended to the *Alleluia*, but this is not sure.

Content

Because of the uncertainty of the Gregorian tradition, the exact nature of the *Alleluia* chant is hard to define. The word "Alleluia" itself is an acclamation of Joy: All hail to God—all hail to "him who is." The verse that follows usually calls to mind something of the Gospel of the Mass, or, not infrequently, restates the day's "spiritual nosegay" as announced in the *Introit*. But always there is present, in both word and music, a note of triumph and exultation.

THE LURE OF MUSIC

Music, in some form or another, enters the life of almost everyone, but how few there are who know the story of its interesting beginning.

F. A. BRUNNER

TO DEVOTEES of the modern screen it will be quite apparent that the ear plays as important a role as the eye in the appreciation of the film — that the musical background affects the consciousness as tellingly as do the visible symbols. What precisely the music does to us may be hard to tell, but that its absence would make a difference in our attitude and particularly in our emotional response would seem incontestable.

Music's effect on us is, of course, no easy matter to determine, for the symbols or means which this art employs differ so from the symbols or means of the other arts. Music has its own set of symbols, sound and rhythm, which endeavor to thin and make transparent certain elements of reality, to reveal to our consciousness intimate and inscrutable feelings, to reflect certain shades of emotion. Music, in other words, is the art of feeling and thinking with sounds. It is feeling and thinking not in images that appeal to the eye — even remotely, as do words which often clothe ideas of shape and color — but in inarticulate sounds, in a language composed only of notes with their varied combinations and harmonies. It is a symbolism of so intangible a nature that we readily turn to images of other senses to express even ideas related to music. We speak, for instance, of "high" sounds and "low," of "deep" tones, of "gliding" notes and "slurred," of "smooth" singing.

All because we are aware of a haziness in our appreciation of musical sound, a cloud that envelops music in mystery. Try to look at music as a science or an art, view it with physics book in hand or symphony score, it is almost always just beyond you.

Yet there is in music a lure that makes you seek it out in its lair. You trace it historically into the far-off night of time, you dog its footsteps in the realm of physical laws, sheepishly you track what you may of its artistic worth, its value in the land of beauty.

WHAT is it you hear in music? Not merely a set of sound vibrations, but sound vibrations in a set form, definitely marked out as agreeable to the ear. Earth is filled with sound, for all movement

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produces vibration, and the vibration in turn occasions air waves which we designate as sound. The human ear catches some of these vibrations — those which range (to become very scientific!) from twenty to twenty thousand per second. But only one fourth of these sounds are of musical value. A very large organ gives us deep rumbling notes that count some forty vibrations per second. A piccolo, at the other extreme, can sound a peeping note of 4,732 vibrations. On your piano you can pound middle C which has 131 vibrations per second, but a piano will conveniently reach a thin note five octaves higher.

Music is born when these sounds are gathered together in some well-defined series whose component tones progress in pitch up or down. This series is called a "scale," a "staircase" (as the Latin original suggests), a "tone-ladder" (to borrow a German expression) of musical intervals. As would be natural, considering the variety of possible sounds, scales differ from scales in each clime and locality. Some primitive peoples have a tiny scale of only two or three notes. Even the Scottish songs like *Auld Lang Syne* and *Ye Banks and Braes* use a scale of only five notes — called, therefore, a five-toned or pentatonic scale.

But usually scales are more intricate, more puzzlingly involved. In East India, they say, seventy different scales are in use. The music of the Greeks of classic times employed six or more scales. The official music of the Church, the Gregorian chant, employs eight. And nowadays wherever Christian culture and European civilization are the backbone of art, two types of scales closely allied to the Gregorian are found. They are both diatonic, that is, they are composed of intervals of varying lengths. One is the so-called major scale, the other the minor scale, both made up of seven notes — the white keys on your piano if you think of C major or A minor. More modern composers make use of a much more intricate scale composed all of small intervals — musicians call them half-tones; this is the chromatic scale which employs every key of the piano, black and white.

PYTHAGORAS, an early Greek investigator of the seventh century before Christ, followed the lure of music into the field of mathematics and gave to the natural chromatic scale a more or less exact foundation. All scales — whether Chinese or Persian or Irish — seem to agree in having certain set intervals which are known as the

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octave, the fifth and the fourth. This universality is easily accounted for, because these intervals have very simple tonal relationships to the foundational note — 1 : 2, 2 : 3, and 3 : 4 respectively. It was Pythagoras who mapped out a scale with these intervals fixed scientifically. He was by profession a mathematician, and the mathematics of music intrigued him. Using a contrivance called a "monochord," a long wooden box over which was stretched a single string of animal fiber, by means of a movable block or "bridge" the portion of the string to be twanged or vibrated could be limited with precision. He perceived at once that by stopping the string in the middle a tone with twice as many intervals — a tone an octave higher was produced. The division of the string into three parts produced an interval called conveniently a fifth, and into four parts an interval called a fourth. With slate and style in hand, Pythagoras calculated the number of vibrations in each of these intervals and then, by computing the difference between them, was able to establish a smaller interval which he called a "tone" and which he used as a basis for further subdividing the octave he had established — seven intervals in all.

But the system set up by Pythagoras had its drawbacks. As long as only the voice or a simple stringed instrument was concerned the system worked out. It was the foundation for all Greek and Roman music, for these were vocal for the most part and unisonous. It was likewise suitable for the planesong melodies of the Church. Not so however when you sang several melodies together at different intervals. As newer and more complicated styles of music and musical instruments developed, the scale established by the Greek thinker proved inadequate. For there existed no means of changing the relationship up or down to suit the different pitches of the instruments. And as you know, horns and other fixed instruments have a fixed value depending on the length of the instrument and the position of the stops. To allow for equal tuning among such variety, and to allow for an equalizing of the half-tones between each larger interval, musicians devised a scheme to divide the octave into twelve parts all equal. This is called equal tuning or equal temperament and by it your piano is tuned, with every interval from one key to its immediate neighbor perfectly proportioned. No longer are the fifth and fourth in perfect ratio to the fundamental tone, yet the difference is so slight that only a trained ear can detect the change.

IT WAS Pythagoras who felt the lure of music in the field of mathematics. It was a Camaldulense monk of the eleventh century who felt its lure in the field of practical pedagogy. To Guido of Arezzo — Dom Guy of the monastery of St. Maur des Fosses — we owe the vocal scale, the names of the intervals of the diatonic scale, the foundations of sight-reading. He discovered the principles of solfeggio when one day he glanced through his hymnal and noticed that the vesper song for the feast of St. John the Baptist rose verse by verse from one note to the next, from C all the way to A.

*Ut queant laxis, resonare fibris
Mira gestorum fabuli tuorum,
Solve polluti labii reatum,
Sancte Ioannes.*

Here was a way to teach singing from notes instead of by ear. Here, then, was the *do-re-mi* or modern school teaching. In fact, so firm did the custom grow of calling the notes by their solfeggio names that in some Latin countries — France, to mention one — the names of the notes are not "C" or "D" or "E" as with us, but "ut," "re," "mi."

But Guido's was not the first method of naming the intervals. Older writers used letters of the alphabet to refer to them. They spoke of the "great octave" and wrote the notes in capital letters: *A, B, C*. They spoke of the "little" or "lesser" octave and wrote: *a, b, c*. To symbolize notes above this range they either doubled the letters, *aa, bb*, or used an added sign, *a' b'*. Below the great octave only one note was ever sung; its symbol was the Greek gamma: *F*. There is the basis for the expression "gamut" — "run the whole gamut" — from low *g*, gamma, to high *c*, *ut*, the practical range of untrained human voices, bass and treble.

And so the lure of music lore could take you into a study of notation or into a study of tonality and other acoustic phenomena. For music has charms indeed, not only in its own kingdom of beauteous sound and rhythm, but in scientific fields as well, in the world of yellowing history, of lives and excavations and thousandfold romancing.

Communism

What is a Communist? One who has yearnings for equal division of unequal earnings. Idler or bungler, he is willing to fork out his penny and pocket your shilling. — *Ebenezer Elliot.*

CHRIST THE KING IN THE CAPITOL

Recently the city of Washington witnessed a mammoth demonstration in honor of Christ the King. This pretends to be only an account of the rather loosely connected impressions of a participant.

C. DUHART

ON A gloriously brisk afternoon in late October — the Feast of Christ the King — 35,000 men, women and children gathered in the shadow of the Washington Monument and received the blessing of their King in the Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament. Previously some 7,000 men and boys had marched along historic Constitution Avenue, past the magnificent Federal buildings of the Capitol, in a triumphant parade of love and allegiance to Christ their King, the King of Kings.

All nature smiled upon the scene as rank after rank of priests and religious, followed by Holy Name men and boys, gave testimony of their Faith, and evidence that the service of their lives was dedicated to Christ, the King of Peace,

It was strange to think that across the ocean, other men marched in service to another king — a king who placed death-dealing rifles upon their shoulders, and closed their lips in hard, grim lines of determination in anticipation of the terrible task awaiting them — the task of killing and being killed.

Only fitting was it that the closing ceremonies should be held on the grounds of the Washington Monument. Behind the massed crowds rose high into the air the symbol of their country's greatness, the memorial to him who is truly called the Father of his country. Before them, on His altar throne, sat He Who was the very center and life of their Faith. Allegiance to God and country was the keynote of the entire demonstration — allegiance to Christ the King and to the country's officials who ruled with power delegated to them by Christ. And as Reverend Father Ignatius Smith insisted in his address, it is through their very subjection to the reign of Christ the King, that Catholics become the better citizens of their country. Contrary to the grossly erroneous belief that to show loyalty to a King Who is God and to the Church He founded, is to lack something of that fidelity demanded of

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citizens of the State, obedience to a spiritual authority and submission to a temporal power are only two facets of the same duty, the duty of recognizing God and Christ the King, His Son, as the source of all authority in heaven and on earth.

In these days, when so many organizations are taking root in our country, whose allegiance and devotedness to the land they inhabit might well be questioned, whose professions of principles do not carry the sincere ring of pure patriotism, it was a thrilling experience to hear that mighty gathering thunder forth the glorious pledge of Holy Name men. Every single item of that promise was, as it were, strong steel forging another link in our country's greatness. Every principle was a challenge to those who claim that Catholics cannot be good citizens.

And when the rally came to a close with that magnificent burst of homage, "Holy God, we praise Thy name," sounding from thousands of mouths, and echoing the feelings of thousands of hearts, one could not but feel that here was the very backbone of our nation's life and honor, that our country would be much better for more such demonstrations; that continued hope for life, liberty and happiness in the United States depends most intimately upon its recognition of Christ as King.

THE Catholic Review of Baltimore reporting on the Christ the King demonstration in Washington expressed the regret that "it is a pity that year after year United States Senators and Representatives, Catholics who live in Washington, never seem to give a thought to marching in the annual Holy Name demonstrations." Frankly, we would feel more secure about the deliberations of our Senators and Representatives, if all of them would give evidence that they pay allegiance to Christ the King. We would feel more at ease about the lifting of the embargo and allied matters, if we could be sure that their decisions were always based on principles they could honestly boast of professing before Christ the King.

During the recent discussions on the question of raising the embargo on arms and munitions, the root of the debate seems to have hinged on which policy would more surely maintain our neutrality and keep us out of war. But that could hardly have been the only question at issue, for a strict embargo on arms and munitions of war, joined to a "cash and carry" provision for materials deemed not munitions of war, would apparently more surely insure our peace. And yet, scant attention seems

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to have been paid to a settlement of the embargo question on this basis.

At least one deliberator was honest enough to maintain that he wished to lift the embargo because he felt that we should lend aid to England and France in saving western civilization. That was the real issue and still is the real issue. The true issue which should concern us is a moral issue — the issue of whether the present war waged against Germany is a just war according to the established canons of weighty theologians. We heard very little about this matter during the recent discussions. It is only fair to say that possibly a conviction that France and England were fighting a war for civilization was the real motive guiding the voting of Senators and Representatives.

Is it a just war? If it is such, and our aid is necessary to save civilization, to preserve for human beings the right of liberty, the right to worship God as their consciences dictate, then by all means lend aid to England and France, lend aid even to the sending of troops into Europe should that extreme measure be necessary.

But that is the point which must be proved — that England's war is a just war, a war for civilization, for human dignity and religious freedom. It must be proved that the world will be a purer and a better place if this war is waged, that the benefits accruing therefrom will outweigh the evils.

To say that "Hitlerism must be crushed" is no argument. We heard once before that "Kaiserism must be crushed." To hear that "the world must be made safe for democracy" stirs up unpleasant memories of how we were once imposed on by that slogan. To say that "Hitler will never be satisfied, will never abide by any treaties, will never permit Europe to remain at peace," may all be true, but first of all prove that the so-called democracies, England especially, has made a sincere and earnest effort to satisfy what some regard as Hitler's just demands. Has a council of nations, for instance, ever been suggested in which England and France, possessing vast foreign possessions, some of them taken from Germany after the last war, would offer certain territorial adjustments and would apportion specified districts to European nations which need such possessions to provide for their increasing population, and to bolster their economic system?

This is no defense of Hitler and Hitlerism. God alone knows what evils Hitler has brought into this world — more evils into Germany itself, we think, than into any other nation. But war is a serious matter.

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War is a terrifically serious moral question. And if a just cause is needed for actually waging war with a country's own troops, a just cause is also required to forge instruments of war which will drill a new No Man's Land, which will destroy cities and the products of centuries of civilization, which will fill new Flanders' Fields to overflowing. Is the United States taking part in a just war? If so, with all our hearts, we approve its action. If not, who can find words to express the guilt which is on the soul of our nation?

WITHOUT a doubt, one of the most inspiring sights of the Christ the King rally in Washington was the presence of large contingents from the Negro parishes of the city. No one could question the fact that they were happily, gloriously proud to be marching in the army of Christ the King, and paying homage to His majesty. Proud they were to show themselves as soldiers of Christ the King, and without hesitation, we say that Christ the King was proud to have them for His soldiers.

It was an honor for us to march in a common line of allegiance with them. Before the piercing eyes of the great King Who reviewed His subjects there was no distinction of race or color. Here was one place where no color line was drawn. Please God, it may be the beginning of a process of abolishing a disgraceful discrimination that is all too evident in the public, the social, and even to our shame, in the religious sphere. He who draws the color line in matters of justice and charity is a traitor to the King he pretends to serve.

We Catholics like to say that the Catholic Church has much to give the Negro population of our country. No one doubts the truth of this contention. The Catholic Church can give them a concept of their dignity as children of God, a realization of the unwavering Justice of God Who pays all debts to the last farthing, that will buoy them up and give them courage in the midst of the hard lot that is often their portion. The Catholic Church can satisfy their religious longings, and perhaps by slow but constant and indefatigable work, beat down the cruel barriers that separate the Negro from his fellow men, and level to the earth the canons of caste and color which rise up against them.

But too frequently we are inclined to forget what the Negroes of our country can do for us, what they can do for the Catholic body. If we win them, we shall gain a valuable acquisition. No one watching the

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Christ the King parade could possibly doubt that those Negroes were willing to proclaim to the world their membership in the Catholic Church. There is no religious indifference about them, once they are won over to the truth. By nature they seem to be endowed with a fund of religious zeal and fervor which, if properly directed, will do great things for God.

The Negro is possessed of qualities which will be of great service to the Catholic Church — qualities which sometimes are found to be lacking in those who accept their supposed superiority over the Negro almost as an axiom which needs no proof.

Loyalty is only one of the qualities we associate with the race. Simplicity and candor are virtues we attribute to the Negro, with a conviction that in doing so, we are showering him with highest praise. His ability to find happiness, great, glowing, rich happiness in the little things of life, excites our envy at his good fortune. His good nature, adaptability, sociability win our admiration.

The Catholic Church has much, immense treasures, to give the Negro race, but if it does succeed in winning that race, it will find that the Negro comes to it, not empty handed, but laden with abilities and virtues which will spell increased life and energy for the Catholic body. Of our Negro brethren in the Catholic Church in this country, we can sincerely say that we are proud. Our duty is to make them proud of us, and to increase the number of Negro Catholics in the United States by our prayers, our charity and our good example.

Harmful Fears

Modern psychologists insist that fears are the cause of much of the unhappiness of life. Perhaps it is true. But second-hand dealers in psychology out-psychology the psychologists and outlaw all fear of God, man, and nature. To us simple folk who see things plainly, fear seems to be a very smart thing if it is directed to real evils. If I have a reasonable fear of heavy traffic, of scarlet fever, and of jail I may have the good fortune to keep my body intact, my good health and perhaps my freedom. If I fear Hell, I may keep out of it; if others fear Hell, I may be delivered from robbers, murderers, blackmailers, and detractors. This consideration led the French author Sadl to say: "I fear God and after God, I fear principally the man who does not fear God."

Catholic Anecdotes

CELIBACY

St. Francis de Sales is known as the "gentle Saint," but he was not slow to put a barb upon his words when he thought that the person to whom he was talking needed it.

We are told that he had been laboring for some time at the conversion of an elderly Calvinist lady, who constantly importuned him about controversial matters. Finally she began calling on him every day, asking for the solution of this or that new doubt which had arise in her mind. Although the Bishop could not see that he was making much progress in bringing her into the Church, he listened to her with never-failing patience.

One day, at last, she declared that her only remaining difficulty was about the celibacy of the clergy. St. Francis explained that the celibate life was necessary to clerics in order that, being free from the care of a family, they might better serve the people.

"For instance, Madam," he said, "you will readily understand that if I had a wife and children to take care of, I should be unable to talk with you so often about your religious difficulties."

The causticity of the remark was lost in the gentleness of its delivery; and, we are told, the lady was shortly afterward converted.

A POINT OF LOGIC

As rapid a conversion as ever took place is the following, reported as having happened in a little Norwegian town shortly after a Catholic Mission had been opened there.

The Missionary had not been long in town, when a sturdy Protestant came to see him and accosted him thus:

"Priest, is there still a Pope?"

"Certainly."

"Then inscribe my name as a member of your Church."

The priest, who had been expecting a bit of controversy, recoiled in sheer amazement.

"But my friend, I scarcely understand —"

"What is more simple? Luther, the founder of our religion, said he would be the 'death of the Pope'. Now if today, more than three

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centuries and a half afterward, there is still a living Pope, Luther lied, and God never chose a liar to defend and reform His Church. Consequently, Luther's work was good for nothing, and won't save my soul. And so I'm going back to the Church that Luther shouldn't have quitted — the Church that has a Pope."

And back, sure enough, he went, and with him his whole family.

TEST

A Chinese girl of ten met with a missionary, and entreated him to give her Confirmation.

"But what if the Mandarin catches you and puts you in prison, what will you do then?" asked the priest.

"I will say I am a Christian."

"And if he demands that you renounce your faith?"

"I will say 'never'."

"And if he brings the executioners to cut off your head, then what will you do?"

"I will say: 'Cut it off!'"

Needless to say, the priest gave her the Sacrament of Confirmation without further ado.

COURTESY

An Inspector of Schools on a visit to one of our Catholic schools, finally reached the kindergarten room on his tour of inspection, and determined to put the tiny youngsters there through an intelligence test.

With this in mind, he took his watch from his pocket shortly after entering the room; and then, a few moments afterwards, asked the children:

"Now, boys and girls, who can tell me what was the first thing I did after entering the room?"

A pause for reflection; then a little mite of a girl put up her hand.

"Well, what was the first thing I did?"

"Please, sir, you passed in front of Sister without saying 'Excuse men'."

Your levelers wish to level *down* as far as themselves. But they cannot bear leveling *up* to themselves. They would have some people under them. Why not have some people above them? *

Pointed Paragraphs

MONOLOGUE FOR NEW YEAR'S

Who am I? My name is death. I wander over the face of the earth, pausing now here, now there, now beside the old, now in the middle of the road before the young, now over the cradle of a child. My task is light, my work is quickly done. I touch hearts, and hearts are stilled.

No one knows when I am near. Even the old seldom see me approach before I stretch out my hand. The young laugh as if I were not real. They even mock me as an old man whose only friends and acquaintances are old. They do not realize that I am as young as I am old—at home as much among the dreaming gaieties of youth as amid the dulling memories of the aged.

Let me read from my scroll random records of the year that is gone. The tales are short for there are many to be told. Here is John K., married ten years, aged 35, a home and no family—I touched him on August 3rd, and he screamed in terror such as I alone have seldom caused. Here is Mary S., aged 62, a mother of eight, grandmother of many—I touched her on June 7th and she smiled. Here is Irene F., aged 3,—I touched her on May 1st and she flew from beneath my hand to God. Here is James P., aged 51, a millionaire—he was planning a new empire when I touched him on September 7th, and amazement that I should dare to interrupt him lingered on his face after his soul had gone.

You see I don't write much—just a word—just an impression of how they met me. I start a fresh scroll now for 1940, and there are many names to be written down. Some will scream and some will smile, when I loom up before them and lift my hand.

No matter. What went before and what follows after are no concern of mine. I am sent and I go—to saint or sinner, to old or young, to ready or unready, and there is none can say me Nay!

WHO SAID "RESOLUTIONS"?

We have it in mind to start a movement in favor of supplanting the New Year's practice of making *resolutions* with that of adopting,

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strengthening and preserving *convictions* for the New Year. There are three reasons urging us on to start the movement:

1) No resolution is worth the paper it is written on or the breath it takes to announce it unless it be backed by a conviction from which nothing can tear one away.

2) Convictions create resolutions, or better, they bring about action, resolutions or no.

3) The actual failure of hundreds of resolutions in this day and age is due to the fact that, instead of convictions, people have temporary opinions, or half-hearted beliefs, or vague and shadowy ideas about the very things that alone make resolutions worth while.

It is easy to demonstrate how powerful real convictions are in influencing conduct.

When a man is once really convinced by a doctor that if he takes sugar regularly for a short while, his death will follow in approximately six months — he quickly develops a genuine horror for a sugar bowl.

When a woman is convinced 1) that she must be slim, and 2) that if she does not cut down on the calories she will soon be fat, what a great to-do is made of weighing and counting the content of foodstuffs at her table!

In matters of character and salvation the process must be the same — first conviction — then resolution and action will follow.

Whoever is really convinced of the reality of hell (which rests on no less an authority than the repeated words of God Himself) won't find himself wobbly about fighting against some mortal sin that may thrust him into hell, even though he has to turn his life upside down to carry on the fight.

Whoever is actually convinced that Christ died for him and remains in the tabernacle for him, won't have to wonder if it would be a good idea to go to Mass and receive Holy Communion oftener than he is commanded, nor will he find himself breaking every resolution he makes in that regard.

Whoever sits down and arrives at the conviction that by drunkenness or undisciplined temper, he is wrecking his home and destroying his own future happiness, will find his resolves already shaped and formed.

Join the movement. Start the New Year with a batch of incontrovertible convictions, and the resolves and their fulfilment will come easy.

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THERE CAME WISE MEN FROM THE EAST

Twice three anxious eyes focused on a luminous shaft — the eye of the benighted Gentiles, the eye of heathendom that dwelt in the shadow of ignorance and idolatry. That is probably our picture of the Epiphany story. The non-Jewish world at the feet of Christ.

But did it ever occur to you that Epiphany spells the adoration of Jesus by learning and wealth and power? These were the Wise Men of the East, with caravans of riches, men of a priestly caste that ruled the lands of the Persians and Parthians. These were the Magi.

Philosophers, scholars they were, steeped in the learning of Zoroaster, well versed in the movements of the stars, conning studiously the ancient writings of Persian and Greek and Jew, with a thousand reasons and one why a child should not be born of a virgin or a king in a stable or God in the robes of flesh.

Rich they were, having money enough to build them a caravan and travel for months and months the thousand miles from Persia to Judea, having fine gifts of gold and frankincense and myrrh — men who might well disdain the Baby born in a bare barn.

Rulers, men of power they were, who held political sway in the councils of the Parthian Empire, who could cause a stir on their arrival in such a Mecca as Jerusalem, who might well balk with pride on seeing such weakness, such helplessness.

Yet with the gold and incense and spices the Wise Men laid at the feet of the Infant the homage of philosophy and plenty and earthly power. Reason they saw bounded, and found here wisdom divine. Wealth they saw passing, and found here the abundance of heaven. Power they saw a plaything of intrigue and caprice, and lo! the King of Kings.

CITY SCENE

This muddled up universe sometimes provides very amusing combinations of incidents. Stand around a while in any big city and you are bound to see some.

On a street corner in Chicago shortly before Christmas, this view presented itself: An Italian was standing on the corner dressed up as Santa Claus ringing a bell to attract donations to the Salvation Army. Next to him was a newsstand, with the boldest array of savage and near obscene magazines you could find in the town. The Italian stood

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facing a store owned by a Hebrew, whose windows were filled with pious tributes to Christ and the spirit of Christmas.

Disentangle, if you can, the incongruities and contradictions present in that one scene.

Santa Claus is only a corruption of St. Nicholas, a Catholic bishop and saint. This Chicago Santa Claus represented the Salvation Army, a form of religion that probably never heard of St. Nicholas, and certainly has nothing to do with bishops.

This Santa Claus was impersonated by an Italian, who was probably born a Catholic, but who now has gone over to the bishopless Salvation Army.

While Santa Claus, alias St. Nicholas, unfrocked of his bishop's regalia and attired in a rather moth-eaten red and white, begs in the name of charity, the man next to him sells lewd literature for profit, a sure way to kill the spirit of charity in any soul.

And as a back-drop to the whole, the Hebrew store-keeper who does not believe in Christ, presents in glorious pageantry the meaning of the birth of Christ to attract people to buy in his store.

That's right—scratch your head in wonder. Truly—this is an amazing world!

ON KISSING

Some very practical advice is offered to young people in an article in the *American Magazine* for December on a purely pragmatic basis. The question put is "When and how much is it safe to pet and kiss and when is it not?" The answer in general is that kissing which becomes the equivalent of sex-indulgence is never safe, never a help to real friendship, never a way to happiness in marriage. In quantitative terms, the author says that the chances are 1,000 to 1 against a happy marriage when it has been preceded by sex-indulgence.

It is another voice raised in the midst of the welter of lasciviousness that mars the friendships of innumerable young people, with the message that "sin does not pay." There is, however, no mention of sin in the article written, though indirectly it is recognized in the fact that the author talks about "letting conscience be heard." It is a matter of fact statement of cause and effect by one who claims to have wide experience in guiding youthful lives.

Yet we doubt that much good will be accomplished by such warn-

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ings and cautions, until the word "sin" is used freely and intelligently to characterize sex-indulgence in any form, whether under the guise of petting or kissing or what-not, and until the basic reasons for avoiding sin be placed deep in the minds of those being warned. Possible future complications, perceived only by older people who have gone through the mill or seen others suffering for youth's mistakes, are strangely inadequate to set up defense mechanisms in the will power of young people when emotion begins to carry them away.

But when a young person knows that letting sinful emotions have their way is a sin, that a sin is a thrust against God, a lash against Christ, a blow at their own nature, and a way to hell, then they won't need to be told a great many sad experiences of those who have sinned, in a futile effort to deter them. They will know by the innate wisdom that comes with a knowledge of what sin means that it can't pay — even though every experience ever recorded were to announce the contrary.

And all this hair-splitting about how much kissing and petting may be indulged in can easily be dispensed with when straight, clear ideas about what constitutes sin are once grasped: Indulgence in extramarital sex-pleasure, or in any form of activity that is likely to lead to such pleasure, is always a sin. The young man or woman who knows that knows all that is needful. It is for their will power and the grace of God obtained by prayer and the sacraments to do the rest.

CAREER WOMEN

There is a short article in the *Ladies Home Journal* for September that is an open contradiction to all that the modern leaders have been teaching us for the past few years. We call the attention of all women career-seekers, he-women, and birth-control women to its salient points. It is written by Dorothy Thompson.

Miss Thompson says: "In the joy of the new opportunities given to women (opportunities afforded by education, suffrage, etc.) thousands of women have attempted the impossible. They have thought that they could 'have their own lives,' enter engrossing and demanding occupations, in fields competing with men; enjoy economic, social and even sexual freedom, and at the same time have happy and productive marriages.

"It is an illusion. One woman in a thousand can do it. And she is a

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genius. Most women are not geniuses, even though they may be gifted. And most of those who attempt what is, by its nature, too much, break their hearts.

"Young women argue that their earning abilities added to the family income often make it possible to establish a home which would be impossible on one income. . . . The average woman, if she gives her full time to her husband, her children and those pursuits centered in the home — basic education, scrupulous attention to health, the development of the executive ability necessary to get the most out of whatever the family budget may be, the establishment of the highest aesthetic atmosphere of which she is capable — if she takes time and makes the effort deeply to understand her husband's work, to encourage his hopes, to build up his self-esteem and self-confidence, to encourage the best in him and in herself and their children, to establish around the family a circle of true friends; if she can grow mature with him without losing her charm for him; if she cannot only be devoted to her children but awaken and foster his devotion to them, and his pleasure in them; if she can do all this, she will contribute, in actual income, more to her home than she can possibly buy for it with income earned somewhere else."

Bravo for Miss Thompson! She is but echoing the teaching of the Church — that wifehood and motherhood are amongst the highest careers that any woman, no matter how talented, can follow. And they are careers that take full time if they are to be successfully pursued. Perhaps some will listen to Miss Thompson who unfortunately have no ear for the Church.

EQUALITY

A Prince while on a hunt once came upon a hermit in the midst of a dense forest. The hermit knelt before a little shrine he had built for himself, and gazed steadfastly at a skull, which he had placed below a rustic cross.

"You poor fool," said the prince, mockingly, "why do you waste your precious time in meditation on a skull?"

The hermit showed no sign of anger.

"I am trying to discover," he said, "whether this skull belonged to a prince or a beggar. I have not been able to determine it."

— LIGUORIANA —

EXCERPTS FROM THE WRITINGS OF ST. ALPHONUS

HOLY EUCHARIST EXPLANATION

In this sacrament Jesus Christ gives us his body and blood under the species of bread and wine, that by the holy Communion his grace

From: and holy love may
Instructions be preserved and
for the People increased in our
souls. We must
then believe that in consequence of
the words of consecration pro-
nounced by the priest in the Mass,
the bread and wine lose their
proper substance, and are con-
verted into the body and blood of
Jesus Christ; and that nothing re-
mains of the bread and wine but
the species or appearances, the
color, the taste, and figure; so that
it is a dogma of the faith, that the
Most Holy Sacrament of the altar
contains Jesus Christ, really and
entirely, his body, his soul, and
divinity.

We must, consequently, believe
that Jesus Christ, at the same time
that he is in heaven, is also really
and entirely in all places on the
earth where the consecrated Host
is reserved; and that when the
most holy Host is divided Jesus
Christ is not divided, but remains
entire in every separate particle of
the Host, as has been declared by
the Council of Trent.

THE EFFECTS OF THE HOLY EUCHARIST

The principal effect of this
sacrament is to preserve and per-
fect in us the spiritual life of the
soul. As earthly bread nourishes
the body, so this heavenly bread
nourishes the soul, and makes it
advance in divine love. It also

serves as an antidote to cleanse us
from venial and to preserve us
from mortal sins. Another effect
of this sacrament is resurrection
and glorification of our bodies,
which we expect at the last judg-
ment: for Jesus Christ says: "He
that eateth my flesh, and drinketh
my blood, hath life everlasting,
and I will raise him up at the last
day" (John vi. 55). But the most
desirable of all the effects of the
holy Communion is, that it unites
and makes us one with Jesus Christ.
"He that eateth my flesh and
drinketh my blood, abideth in
me, and I in him" (Ibid. 57). In
order to receive these holy effects,
it is necessary to be in the state of
grace; he who receives the holy
Communion with a conscience
laden with mortal sin receives
Jesus Christ but not his grace; on
the contrary, he merits the male-
diction of Jesus Christ, and, ac-
cording to the Apostle, he receives
the sentence of his own condemna-
tion; because he is guilty of a most
enormous sacrilege. "He eateth
and drinketh judgment to him-
self" (I Cor. xi. 29).

It is related that a person in the
state of mortal sin went to Com-
munion, but what was the conse-
quence! The consecrated particle
became like a sword and pierced
his throat, and the person fell in-
stantly dead at the foot of the
altar.

DISPOSITIONS NECESSARY FOR HOLY COMMUNION

There are dispositions absolute-
ly necessary for Communion. The
state of grace; fasting from mid-
night unless the person is in dan-

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ger of death; in such danger he can receive holy viaticum after having broken his fast. But to communicate with greater fruit, it is necessary to purify the soul from venial sins—at least from venial sins which are fully deliberate. Hence, tepid souls that habitually commit venial sins have not the dispositions necessary for frequent Communion. But persons who do not commit deliberate venial sins, and have a desire of advancing in divine love, may communicate more frequently, according as their confessor may advise. St. Francis de Sales says that Jesus Christ gives himself to us only through love, and therefore we should receive him only through love. The best disposition, then, for holy Communion is, to receive the holy Eucharist in order to advance in the love of Jesus Christ.

HOW OFTEN THE EUCHARIST MUST BE RECEIVED

All know that every Christian is bound under pain of grievous sin to communicate at least once a year, and so to fulfil his Easter duties; this ought to be done within the time prescribed for the fulfilment of the Paschal precept. Every Christian is also obliged to communicate and to receive the holy viaticum, whenever he is in danger of death. I say, in *danger*, without waiting till there is no hope of recovery. By waiting so long, the sick man runs the risk of dying without receiving the viaticum as has happened to many.

CHILDREN AND THE HOLY EUCHARIST

Children, as St. Thomas says, should be obliged to go to Communion as soon as they are cap-

able of understanding the difference between this divine food and earthly bread. Some children are capable of understanding this difference sooner than others. But, ordinarily speaking, the obligation of going to Communion does not begin until after the ninth or tenth year; but their first Communion cannot be deferred beyond the age of twelve, or, at the most, beyond the age of fourteen years.

AN ACT OF LOVE BEFORE COMMUNION

Ah, my God, my God, true and only love of my soul, what more couldst Thou have done to be loved by me? To die for me was not enough for Thee, my Lord; Thou wast pleased to institute this great sacrament in order to give Thyself all to me, and thus bind and unite Thyself heart to heart with so unworthy and ungrateful a creature as I am. And what is more, Thou Thyself invitest me to receive Thee, and desirest so much that I should do so! O boundless love! incomprehensible love! infinite love! a God would give himself all to me!—My soul, dost thou believe this? and what dost thou? what sayest thou? O God, O God, O infinite amiability, only worthy of all love, I love Thee with my whole heart, I love Thee above all things, I love Thee more than myself, more than my life! Oh, could I but see Thee loved by all! Oh, could I but cause Thee to be loved by all hearts as much as Thou deservest! I love Thee, O most amiable God, and I unite my miserable heart in loving Thee to the hearts of the Seraphim, to the heart of the most blessed Virgin Mary, to the Heart of Jesus, thy most loving and beloved Son.

Book Reviews

BIOGRAPHY

Lacordaire. By M. V. Woodgate. Pages 189. Price, \$1.25. Herder. 15 and 17 South Broadway, St. Louis, Missouri.

There is an immense bibliography on Lacordaire and the times in which he lived. The years during which the great preacher of Notre Dame lived were troublous both for church and state, and authors and historians have not hesitated in taking sides in no uncertain way for one or for the other. Anti-clericalism was rife and the intimate practices of the Catholic religion were ridiculed wherever they were found. Lacordaire was responsible in a measure for the removal of much of this prejudice on the part of his countrymen. He was a man of profound faith and great courage, and he did not fear to appear in the pulpit of Notre Dame in the Dominican habit at a time when such a profession of faith could have very easily brought him bodily harm. It might be said that the life of Lacordaire is a history of the middle nineteenth century in France. It is more than that. It is a life of great activity, a life of great brilliance and accomplishment. And anyone interested in pulpit oratory at its best can do no better than to read the life of one of France's most famous pulpit orators, Lacordaire, written intelligently and simply by M. V. Woodgate.

—E. F. M.

THEOLOGY

Predestination. By Rev. Reginald Garrigou-Lagrange, O.P. Translated from the French (*La Predestination des saints et la grace*) by Dom Bede Rose, O.S.B., D.D. Published by B. Herder Co. 376 pages. Price, \$3.00.

The mysterious and perplexing problems of predestination or the divine election of human souls to eternal life, of the antecedent and consequent salvific will, of efficacious grace and grace that is merely sufficient have always captivated the minds of theologians and inspired scientific study and research. Faith teaches clearly that God wills all men to be saved. Yet, as a matter of fact, not all are saved. They only attain to eternal

Books reviewed here may be ordered through The Liguorian. These comments represent the honest opinion of the reviewers, with neither criticism nor deserving praise withheld.

life whom God has predestined. Let the souls who are lost have only themselves to blame. God's grace is most powerful. Without Him we can do nothing; and through

Him "Who worketh in us both to will and to accomplish" we can do all things well. Yet the human will remains free. Man can resist and despise divine grace. He can turn away from God by committing grievous sin, and, dying in that sin, be condemned forever to the eternal fires of hell. These are problems, mysteries, that touch upon the profoundest secrets of the heart of God and His unsearchable ways with men. They cannot be fully solved in this life. Still there is much that remains open to theological investigation, much that can be said about them, much that can be explained, even while leaving the mystery intact. Father Garrigou-Lagrange, the eminent professor-theologian of the *Angelicum* in Rome, discusses these questions with clarity and precision in his book *Predestination*. The scope of the work, as he himself tells us in the preface, is from beginning to end "the reconciliation of the two principles of divine predilection and possible salvation for all. On the one hand 'no one thing would be better than another, if God did not will greater good for one than for another' (St. Thomas, I, q. 20, a. 3). On the other hand, God never commands what is impossible, but makes it possible for all who have come to the use of reason to fulfill the precepts that are of obligation . . . when and as these are known by them." The work itself falls logically into three parts. The first part is concerned with the meaning of predestination according to Scripture and the teaching of the Church, and discusses also the principal difficulties of the problem, the method to be followed, the classification of theological systems, and the stand taken by St. Augustine. The second part deals with the various solutions of the problem—especially that of St. Thomas, which is compared with the tentative solutions proposed by theologians of later date, and particularly the solutions proposed by the post-Triden-

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tine theologians. The third and last part treats particularly of efficacious grace by which the effects of predestination are realized in this life.

Predestination is a masterful, scholarly work. It is especially to be recommended to professors and students of Dogmatic Theology.—W. M. M.

PAMPHLETS

The Bible—The Christian Faith before the Bar of Reason.—By Most Rev. John F. Noll, D.D. Published by Our Sunday Visitor Press, Huntington, Ind. Price: single copy 10c postpaid; lot prices.

Two excellent vest pocket size apologetic pamphlets. The former—"The Bible"—is divided into three parts: 1) The Truth about It; 2) Its Interpretation; 3) Facts about Bible Charges. The second is a calm yet forceful, up-to-date defense of the Christian Faith from the standpoint of reason. In both of them Bishop Noll has something to say and says it in a way that any one can appreciate and understand.—M. S. B.

The Professor Visits a Monastery. By Maurus Ohligslager, O.S.B. Published by The Abbey Press, St. Meinrad, Ind. 24 pages and cover. Price, 5c per copy.

"What! visit a monastery?" laughed Ted. 'Not me. I'm not interested in ancient tombs and gloomy walls."

Ted was the younger brother of Gregory Wilson, Professor of Biology, in the State University, and his reply to an invitation to visit a monastery is quite typical of the attitude of those whose idea of monasteries and convents is born of cheap thrillers, Sunday supplements and like sources of authentic (?) information. Meet Father Cuthbert and let him take you behind the scenes.—M. S. B.

What Birth-Control is Doing to the United States. By Daniel A. Lord, S.J. Published by The Queen's Work, St. Louis, Mo. 41 pages and cover. Price, 10c.

Selfishness is at the bottom of the evil of birth-control. Here Father Lord shows how this evil is reflected in the life and prospects of the nation. True, his present line of argument will hardly convert the selfish individual; but it can serve

as an answer to arguments drawn from the good of the nation and of society by those who do the devil's own work in spreading the doctrine of birth-control.

—M. S. B.

A Thought for Every Day in Lent. By Paul McCann. Published by Our Sunday Visitor Press, Huntington, Ind. 19 pages. Single copy: 10c postpaid. Lot prices.

Good "thoughts"—even those more appropriate to Lent—are never wholly out of season. For instance, the brief reflections on the 14 Stations scattered through this collection.—M. S. B.

I Don't Like Lent. By Daniel A. Lord, S.J. Published by Queen's Work, St. Louis, Mo. 35 pages. Price, 10c.

Well, why bring it up *now*? For one reason, the practice and necessity of penance is *not* restricted to the 40 days of Lent alone. And again, forewarned is forearmed—and an examination of the reasons brought out in this discussion may help toward a proper and reasonable attitude when Lent does return.—M. S. B.

Are 'Mercy-Killings' Justifiable? By the Rev. F. A. Arnold, C.R. Published by Our Sunday Visitor Press, Huntington, Ind. 13 pages and cover. Price: single copy 10c postpaid; lot prices.

In a closely printed pamphlet Fr. Arnold discusses from the standpoint of religion and reason the ancient and often revived question of "mercy-killings." From these two standpoints, and they are the only ones that really count whether in this life or in the next, the answer is: "No." Euthanasia, or mercy-killing, is just another name for murder.—M. S. B.

Marriage in Christ. By the Rev. Richard Edw. Power. Published by The Liturgical Press, Collegeville, Minn. 3rd ed. 54 pages and cover. Price, 10c.

The present booklet is designed to help the bridal couple to enter upon their holy state in the ideal manner: intelligently and in the fervent spirit of the Church herself. It contains the complete text of the nuptial Mass, and the nuptial blessing. There is a valuable introduction on the nature and meaning of the Sacrament of matrimony.—M. S. B.



Christmas of 1939 should go down in history as one of the most significant Christmases ever celebrated by Americans. For they awoke on this great Christian feast to be greeted by the flaming headline across the front of their newspapers: "World Peace Plan by Pope." Any number of stirring thoughts must have entered the minds of all who saw that headline. It was something that could not have been imagined in the United States thirty or forty years ago, when the Pope was thought of by many Americans as merely a jealous foreign power, eagerly awaiting an opportunity to annex the United States and any other State to his own power. Moreover it was the culmination of many months' growth of awareness in the public mind of the fact that the Pope is the mightiest spiritual power in the world, who can do more than kings and dictators simply because he has no earthly interests to pursue. The visit of Cardinal Pacelli to the United States, the death of Pope Pius XI, the elevation of Cardinal Pacelli to the papacy, were all events that helped to make Americans realize the real character of the papacy as they had never been permitted to realize it before. But the outstanding thought that accompanied the reading of the Christmas headline was that of the fitting association of the feast of Christ's birth and the appeal of Christ's visible representative for peace. It was like the echo of the angels' song: "Peace on earth to men of good will." There is so much commercialism in Christmas, and so many have such vague and hazy ideas about its meaning, that this brings the whole world back to its fundamental import—that it means the coming of Christ and that Christ is still here for all who are of good will.



This is the time when many magazines will present summaries of the past year's events; when the newspapers will list, in the order of shockingness, the major news stories of 1939; when current history writers will have to select, out of the welter of world events, a few significant ones to put down in their texts. So many things happened during 1939 that supplements will be required merely to record them all. However, the general mixup of national and international, social and political, domestic and foreign events, should all serve to bring home with greater force the fundamental truth of life, that whatever goes on around him, it is the individual's simple purpose in life to work out the salvation of his soul. If that were not so it would be impossible to resign oneself to the fact that there is so much turmoil in the world at large. But world wide turmoil is not a scandal to the genuine Christian; in war as in peace, in depression or in prosperity, in danger or in security, his task is the same—to save his soul. And God has made that possible under any circumstances for any man—in fact it is *the thing* that matters because in the long view from eternity the rest does not matter at all. Of course he also knows that his efforts to save his soul will be the greatest contribution to world peace and security any man can make—and that all that is needed to put an end to strife is that millions of men put the same goal before their lives.

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We are moving, moving slowly but surely out of the morass of folly into which our educational methods of the past ten years have been leading our schools. Voices are becoming more and more insistent in demanding that our educators cast aside the flimsy cloak of modernism and "fadism" and return to the solid things once more. Imagine anyone speaking a few years ago as Dr. Mortimer Adler spoke before the Teachers' Alliance of New York City just recently: "Progressivism has become so absorbed with the study of the contemporary world that it forgets human culture has traditional roots. It has substituted information for understanding, and science for wisdom. It has mistaken license for liberty, for that is what freedom is when unaccompanied with discipline. If the doctors of the nation spent as much time worrying about democracy as do the educators, particularly those at Teachers' College, Columbia University, I would greatly fear for the health of the nation. The progressive system, with its confusion on authority and its emphasis on political questions, has put a false responsibility on all teachers in attempting to solve social and economic problems. If our educators have the solution of these problems, they ought to leave the educational system and run for public office. In any event they should stop using the educational system to propagandize their own particular beliefs. If they would forget these theories and take care of education, then democracy would take care of itself. It is up to us as good teachers to teach our students to read, write and speak so that they will be able to understand the teachings of great men. If we do this, if we confine ourselves solely to education, then we will create men and women who will have a place in our society and who will be better equipped to serve and preserve our democracy." "Treason," "heresy," Dr. Adler's statements would have been called a few years ago; today there are too many who know that they are true.



Growing rapidly, and blossoming in unexpected fruits here and there is the awareness of fathers and mothers on how their children are being cheated of something essential by the non-religious education of their public schools. The Omaha Board of Education has recently approved a plan whereby, beginning in 1940, fourth grade pupils will be excused from school for one hour a week for religious instruction if their parents sign requests for that purpose. In Brooklyn, a section of the Organization of American parents has appealed to the Board of Education for something like the same arrangement. It cannot be doubted that the suggested programs of one hour per week, and for children of certain grades alone, is but a poor expedient for grounding young people in religious faith and principle; all who have had experience with such methods of imparting religious instruction realize that they are far from ideal. The ideal means letting religious instruction energize the whole process of education, not limiting it to certain periods of the week. But the movement on the part of parents signifies a trend. Fathers and mothers are waking up to the fact that without religious training their children have far too much chance of going to pieces in the midst of a selfish, pagan, crime-ridden atmosphere. Perhaps the best result will be a nation wide movement to put religious instruction back into the home, where it belongs even before it must enter into the processes of education.

L u c i d I n t e r v a l s

Debtor: "That letter you wrote asking me to send you a hundred dollars actually brought tears to my eyes. Here's the hundred, but tell me, who wrote that letter for you?"

Executive: "My son. He's home from college for a few days."

*

Teacher: "Is the world round or square?"

Mary: "Neither. It's crooked."

*

An Irishman carrying a large sack of potatoes along a lonely road was overtaken by a man driving a team hitched to a wagon.

The driver offered Pat a lift, which he gladly accepted, but still kept the pack of potatoes on his back. The driver told him to put them down in the wagon.

"Sure," Pat replied, "I'm thankful for the lift ye give me, but I don't want ye to be burdened with the taters as well."

*

"Wouldn't it be awful if all the men in the world were two-faced?"

"I'll say! It would be a nightmare for me, in fact."

"Why for you, particularly?"

"I'm a barber!"

*

Scotchman (at riding academy): "I wish to rent a horse."

Groom: "How long?"

Scotchman: "The longest you've got; there be five of us going."

*

The local pawnbroker was roused at 4 a.m. by a telephone call.

"What time is it?" asked a voice.

"What do you mean by ringing me up at this unearthly hour to ask the time?" cried the pawnbroker.

"Well, you've got my watch," came over the wire.

*

The clergyman drew near to the baptismal font and directed that the candidates for baptism should now be presented. A woman in the congregation gave a gasp of dismay and turned to her husband, whom she addressed in a strenuous whisper:

"There! I just knew we'd forget something. John, you run right home as fast as you can and fetch the baby."

A guest of a small Southern hotel was awakened early one morning by a knock on his door.

"What is it?" he called drowsily, without getting up.

"A telegram, boss," responded a Negro's voice.

"Well you can shove it under the door, can't you, without waking me up so early?"

"No, suh," the darky answered, "it's on a tray."

*

A man charged with murder bribed a friend on the jury to hold out for a verdict of manslaughter. The jurymen were out for a long time. At last they brought in a verdict of manslaughter.

The prisoner rushed up to his friend and said. "I'm much obliged to you. Was it hard work?"

"Very," said the juror. "The other eleven wanted to acquit you!"

*

They were discussing dogs, and the tales were becoming "pretty tall" when one of the group took the lead.

"Smith," he said, "had a most intelligent retriever. One night Smith's house caught fire. All was instant confusion. Old Smith and his wife flew for the children, and bundled out with them in quick order.

"Alas, one of them had been left behind. But up jumped the dog, rushed into the house, and soon reappeared with the missing child. Everyone was saved; but Rover dashed through the flames again.

"What did the dog want? No one knew. Presently the noble animal reappeared, scorched and burned, with—what do you think?"

"Give it up," cried the eager listeners.

"With the fire insurance policy, wrapped in a damp towel, gentlemen."

*

A tourist going through the Northwest, suffered a slight accident. Unable to find his monkey wrench he went to a farm house and inquired of the Swede owner:

"Have you a monkey wrench here?"

"Naw," replied the Swede. "My brother bane got a cattle ranch over there; my cousin got a sheep ranch down there; but too cold for monkey wrench here."

ARE YOU A READER?

Some people are born readers; others acquire a love for reading by constant environment and example; others still have to train and discipline themselves to become readers. But no one will doubt that it is important to be a reader in these days of wide-open avenues of publicity and propaganda.

By a reader we do not mean one who glances through newspapers, scans the picture magazines, and now and then reads a popular novel. By a reader is meant one who reads in order to think, and who, for that reason, selects reading matter that stimulates and energizes his mind.

Some, we say, will have to discipline themselves to develop a love for that kind of reading. **THE LIGUORIAN** is an effort to make that discipline as easy and enjoyable as possible. Its short, pointed, sometimes provoking articles are meant to probe the mind and draw out its latent powers.

If you have not been "a reader," let **THE LIGUORIAN** help you become one.

Motion Picture Guide

THE PLEDGE: *I condemn indecent and immoral motion pictures, and those which glorify crime or criminals. I promise to do all that I can to strengthen public opinion and to unite with all who protest against them. I acknowledge my obligation to form a right conscience about pictures that are dangerous to my moral life. As a member of the Legion of Decency, I pledge myself to remain away from them. I promise, further, to stay away altogether from places of amusement which show them as a matter of policy.*

The following films have been rated as unobjectionable by the board of reviewers:

| <i>Reviewed This Week</i> | <i>Gantry the Great</i> | <i>Perpetual Sacrifice, The</i> |
|---------------------------------------|-------------------------------------|---------------------------------------|
| Mad Empress, The | Goodbye, Mr. Chips | Pride of the Blue Grass |
| Main Street Lawyer | Gracie Allen Murder Case | Range War |
| Stranger from Texas | Grand Jury's Secrets | Real Glory, The |
| <i>Previously Reviewed</i> | | |
| Adventures of Sherlock Holmes, The | Hardys Ride High, The | Riders of the Black River |
| Adventures of the Masked Phantom | Hawaiian Nights | Riders of the Frontier |
| Andy Hardy Gets Spring Fever | Hero for a Day | Ruler of the Seas |
| Angels Wash Their Faces, The | Hollywood Cavalcade | Sabotage |
| Arizona Kid | In Old Caliente | Saint in London |
| Babes in Arms | In Old Monterey | Second Fiddle |
| Bad Lands | Inside Information | Seventeen |
| Bad Little Angel | Ireland's Border Line | Should Husbands Work |
| Beau Geste | Jeepers Creepers | Sky Patrol |
| Blondie Takes a Vacation | Jones Family in Quick Millions | Smuggled Cargo |
| Bulldog Drummond's Bride | Juarez | Southward Ho! |
| Call a Messenger | Kansas Terrors, The | Spirit of Culver |
| Captain Fury | Kid Nightingale | Stanley and Livingstone |
| Career | Konga, the Wild Stallion | Star Maker, The |
| Charlie Chan at Treasure Island | Land of Liberty | Stop, Look and Love |
| Chicken Wagon Family | Laugh It Off | Story of Alexander Graham Bell, The |
| Children of the Wild | Law of the Pampas | Story of Vernon and Irene Castle, The |
| Chip of the Flying "U" | Legion of Lost Flyers | Straight Shooter |
| Chump at Oxford, A | Llama Kid | Stunt Pilot |
| Colored Sunset | Man from Sundown, The | Sued for Libel |
| Confessions of a Nazi Spy | Man from Texas | Susannah of the Mounties |
| Conspiracy | Man Who Dared, The | Swing That Cheer |
| Cowboy Quarterback, The | Marshall of Mesa City | Tarzan Finds a Son |
| Danger Flight | Meet Dr. Christian | Television Spy, The |
| Death of a Champion | Mickey the Kid | They Asked For It |
| Death Rides the Range | Mill on the Floss, The | They Shall Have Music |
| Desperate Trails | Million Dollar Legs | Timber Stampede |
| Disputed Passage | Missing Evidence | Trapped in the Sky |
| Dress Parade | Mountain Rhythm | Torchy Plays With Dynamite |
| Everybody's Hobby | Mutiny on the Blackhawk | 20,000 Men a Year |
| Everything's on Ice | Nancy Drew and the Hidden Staircase | U-Boat Twenty-Nine |
| Feud of the Plains | New Frontier | Under-Pup, The |
| Fighting Gringo | Night Work | Unexpected Father |
| Fighting Renegade | No Place to Go | Wall Street Cowboy |
| Five Little Peppers and How They Grew | Nurse Edith Cavell | West of Carson City |
| Flight at Midnight | Oklahoma Frontier | Western Caravans |
| Flying Deuces | Oklahoma Terror | What a Life |
| Four Feathers | Our Neighbors—The Carters | Wizard of Oz |
| | Outpost of the Mounties | Wyoming Outlaw |
| | \$1,000 a Touchdown | Young Mr. Lincoln |







